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THE DREAM OF THE DRAMATIST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

With manuscripts scattered around him,
Where even the rats keep aloof,
He sat in a dismal old garret,
Close under a rickety roof.
His dinner (?) awaited attention,
A scrap of "Bologna" and beer;
But he heeded them not as he muttered
Strange sentences dreadful to hear.

"Here's the 'Hellhound of Haunted Hoboken,'"
A drama that hasn't a flaw;
I gave the first reading to Studley,
But he didn't think it would draw.
Then, 'The Gibbering Goblin of Georgetown'
Dead Byron rejected, forsooth!
After keeping it nearly a season,
When I wanted to read it to Booth!

"There's oceans of strong 'situations'
Contained in my 'Flap-jack of Fate;'
Where the mother-in-law is exploded
By eating a cartridge, is great;
Yet Daly declared he'd not read it,
If I paid him a thousand a week;
But I'm sure he took all my ideas
To aid him in writing his 'Pique.'

"Now, what could be better than 'Copper?'
The title alone ought to pull;
I wanted to read it to Stuart,
But Fulton declared he was 'full.'"
But hark! there's a creak on the staircase,
The sound of a foot on the floor—
A sunbeam crept in through the window,
A lady walked in at the door.

"I wish you to write me a drama
Full of 'ginger' and 'go' and 'hurrah;'
I've lately come into some money,
And mean to go out as a star.
I want all the 'points' and the 'business,'
And each 'situation,' you see;
If there's any 'good lines' for the others,
You must manage to give 'em to me.

"Don't have a comedian in it—
His acting would give me the blues;
Drop off all the leading man's speeches,
And cut down the 'heavy' to cues.
If there's anyone has to be rescued,
Of course you must have me on hand;
Then let me end up as an heiress,
Or something 'distingue' and grand."

The dramatist gasped! Then, arising,
He took down a book from his shelf.
"Here's an excellent protean drama—
You can play all the parts, mum, yourself."
A scream of intense indignation
The silence surrounding them broke;
She rushed like a fiend at the author,
Who trembled—and tottered—and woke!

E. E. KIDDER.

EVELYN DE VERE;

OR,

THE TWO CITIES.

A Life Drama Played on the World's Stage.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HENRY CHARLTON EMMET,
AUTHOR OF "THE TRUE AND THE FALSE, OR WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME."

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CHAPTER III.

AT KENSINGTON.

Miss Falconcourt instinctively felt that she could not continue the subject, now that Evelyn was in the room, and, perhaps remembering that she had already made a note of the time, she turned towards Mrs. Brierley and said:

"Good-day, then, Madam, and Miss De Vere back in the carriage; so do not be alarmed if her absence is at all prolonged." And then, with a bow at once courteous and friendly, she left Merton Villa, accompanied by Evelyn.

Miss Falconcourt opened the carriage-door herself and stepped in. When Evelyn was seated, she shut the door and uttered the word "Home," sufficiently audible for the coachman to hear. The light brougham, a fitting vehicle for its tender occupant, bowled along the dusty road that winds its broad way from Uxbridge to London.

For a few moments neither of the young ladies spoke. To Evelyn the position was a novel one—to be driving briskly along in a handsome carriage without having at all the feeling of being aught else than in the society of a friend. The sentiment of the moment brought a flush to Evelyn's cheek—a flush that seemed to rise in opposition or protest against the settled healthful color that was a distinctive mark of Miss Falconcourt's beauty.

"What a pretty little place it is," said the young lady, thinking that Evelyn had sufficiently enjoyed the pleasure of the novelty.

"Yes, very, miss——"

"Come, now, let me be frank with you; it is so much nicer to understand each other at first. Pray do not say 'Miss' to me; it sounds cruelly in my ears, and harsh from you. My name is Marian—Marie my dear papa calls me."

Evelyn smiled. Miss Marian was a little eccentric in her warm frankness.

"What place is it?" she asked, as the carriage descended a slope—or, as the people there call it, "the hill" that lead to Acton Bottom.

"This is the village of Acton," answered Evelyn quietly, as the carriage came almost to a standstill.

There was an omnibus on the right, just pulled up opposite the house of call known as the "Crown." There was another vehicle of the same sort on the left, waiting for a change of horses. There was a carrier's van from London toiling up the hill, and a Jew stockbroker, assuming the airs and flourishing a whip in the hand that ought to be white cultivated by men of distinction driving down the hill.

The voices of the 'bus-men, ostlers and hangers-on mingled together in a strange mixture of slang stable-talk and inquiries that fairly bewildered Miss Falconcourt, while the consequent jolting in the omnibus sat knees and nose together, looking down in sullen remonstrance upon the men who caused this momentary delay.

Suddenly there was a move on the part of the obstructionists of the road. Miss Falconcourt's coachman, seeing his way clear, shot past the 'bus going to London, the carrier's van tolled up the hill, and the Jew stockbroker dashed down it, scowling at the men right and left of him, and intending to pass Miss Falconcourt's brougham, that he might be seen, and, as he conceited, admired by the fair occupants, and in less than two minutes the little village was silent and dull as want of business and excitement could make it.

Miss Falconcourt's brougham bowled along the pleasant little post road, and, in spite of the Jew stockbroker's efforts to pass it, the coachman took peculiar care to leave him ignominiously in the rear.

They passed through Shepherd's Bush, up Notting Hill, and the Kensington-park Gardens were soon reached. The drive had done Evelyn good.

There was a color in her cheeks and a happy sparkle in her eyes when the carriage stopped at the house of Miss Falconcourt's father. The sound of the wheels brought a liveried servant to the door. In an instant Miss Falconcourt's step and assisted the ladies to alight, while a page stood waiting in the hall, straight and stiff, and as broad-faced as a graven image.

"Is Mr. Falconcourt in, Sam?" asked Miss Marian.

"Yes, miss," answered the graven image, scarcely opening his mouth for shutting it, so much power to defy detection, as his eyes, as full and round as his buttons, remained immovable.

"Thank you."

Miss Falconcourt passed on to the reception-room, where she begged Evelyn to be seated while she went to see her father. Evelyn waited in painful suspense. Presently the door was opened so vigorously that a gust of cold air whirled round the room, fanning the anti-macassar, flowers, etc., and almost taking Evelyn's breath away.

Looking for the cause of this sudden hurricane, she beheld the graven image standing with his hand on the door, just as he had stood in the hall.

"This way, please, miss."

From her already slight knowledge of the boy, Evelyn knew that he had spoken—there was no outward sign of it—in fact.

"Thank you; am I to go to your mistress?" said Evelyn, rising, with a smile that was meant to soften the stolid face, but failed.

The full, round eyes seemed to gather some of the brilliancy of the full, bright buttons, and reflect it back upon them as he looked up. He made no reply, however, but turned about and led the way into the drawing-room.

Mr. Falconcourt was there, with his daughter Marian. He was about fifty three or four years of age, but looked older in consequence of his hair being very gray, and his whiskers retaining not one vestige of their original color. At first sight his features seemed hard and stern, but a second glance proved that this was merely the result of many years' hard study and a premature gray old nature, and a Parliamentary career of more than twenty years had not tended to soften its expression. He was handsomer than most men of his age, and when he smiled the real kindliness of his disposition showed out at once.

"Well, Miss Devere," he said politely, "and so you are the L. M. Alpha? I feel inclined to think that you are too young to be my daughter's companion and chaperon. Don't you think it would be a case of the blind leading the blind, eh?"

"Oh, papa dear!" remonstrated Marian, patting his cheek with her fan. Evelyn, poor child, only blushed and maintained a nervous silence.

Edward Falconcourt, M. P., laughed good-humorously.

"Ah, well, if you are going to set up as the opposition party, I will retire very soon. The fact is, Miss Devere, I really know nothing of this sort of thing; and if my daughter thinks she would like you, and you would be happy here, there is nothing more to say. I dare say it would be better for her to have someone whose age and—and—general accomplishments are something after her own. My love, Miss De Vere will stay to dinner?"

"Yes, papa dear; I am positive of it."

While Evelyn was hesitating to reply, Mr. Falconcourt kissed his daughter, bowed very politely to her companion, begged the pleasure of her company at dinner, and left the room.

Evelyn's embarrassment, consequent upon her very slight knowledge of society, soon wore off, and by the time she had removed her jacket and bonnet, and arranged her hair, she felt quite at ease with the light-hearted, ingenuous Miss Falconcourt.

"Ah, dear!" said that young lady as she bounded down-stairs, "how I *should* like a good romp!" Then she caught sight of the graven image at the bottom of the stairs, and became rigid.

Evelyn was glad to find that there were no friends to dinner, and when the cloth was cleared, and the tall, sleek butler had retired, secretly disgusted at having no new crumbs of gossip to carry down to the greedy scandal-worshipers below stairs, Mr. Falconcourt became easy and congenial, treating Evelyn with all the courtesy and respect due to a guest.

He kept his daughter and Evelyn amused until some gentlemen friends were announced. The young ladies then rose and departed to Miss Falconcourt's boudoir, where they took tea together, while the carriage was being got ready to drive Miss De Vere home.

While looking over Miss Falconcourt's jewel-box, that young lady found a neck-chain and gold pendant set with one large and very fine opal. Eva admired it, and Miss Marian put it on her neck, adding a kiss and these words into the bargain:

"A first present from me, and I hope that you, I and that may never part."

Evelyn was affected, and tears started to her eyes. Miss Marian laughed gayly, and then, putting on a very sage look, said that they must now come to business. Even Evelyn smiled at this—smiled at the earnestness of Miss Marian. Anyone at that moment would really have thought that she knew what business meant. The business in this instance, however, was simply to state her father's suggestions concerning the yearly stipend to be paid Evelyn. The fee was larger than she had ever dared to get; and when she drove home her heart was brimful of gladness, her eyes filled with tears of joy.

"I will fetch you, Eva," Miss Falconcourt said at parting, "early on the day you promised to come. Sam can go over in the evening for your boxes. I shall be dull now until you are here. I am positive I shall!"

She might have been positive, too, that poor Mrs. Brierley would be dull, sadly dull, when she did come. Evelyn's happiness would be her guardian's heartfelt sacrifice.

CHAPTER IV.

DR. TODD'S ASSISTANT.

The few days Evelyn had to spend at home previously to taking up her abode with Miss Falconcourt were spent quietly enough. There was some shopping to do, and a few preparations afforded Mrs. Brierly the greatest pleasure, as it secured her the constant society of her darling. If she was pained—and she was pained—at the coming change, she kept it to herself; her conversation was free and cheerful, her face apparently unclouded by one single, living, sad regret. She was too noble even in her utmost selfish love for Evelyn to make the temporary separation a sad one.

The time came at last when the preparations were complete, when the boxes were packed ready for the journey, when the hearts kept light by the little excitement were sad and heavy, feeling for the first time the coming chill that such as theirs is sure to feel when the hour of parting is grimly close at hand.

The weather being cold, Mrs. Brierley had a bright fire blazing and sparkling in the pleasant parlor. This was Evelyn's last evening at home, and one they were likely to remember. The piano was shut, the music put away in the music-stand. Spec lay curled up in his mistress' lap, and the black cat sat in profound contemplation of something that no human being could see or discover, and Mrs. Brierley sat silently glancing at the fire with her arms crossed, and her brows contracted. Her brain seemed overladen with thought—troubled thought.

Evelyn's eyes rested on the fire, too. Perhaps she was vainly trying to read what Mrs. Brierley saw, though, if Mrs. Brierley saw anything there at all, it was the past—her own past and Eva's past, when the latter was too young to remember it.

"Will you really be very unhappy when I am gone, dear?" asked Evelyn, when a heavy, quivering sigh from Mrs. Brierley broke the sad silence.

"Unhappy, since, my love, your happiness is mine. I shall be very lonely. How can I be otherwise? But the separation will not be for long, and we shall be near to each other."

"Very near, dear, and we shall meet so often!"

"I trust so, my love, I trust so. But we never know what is going to happen in this world. People often part only for an hour, and never meet again. Life is uncertain."

"Do not encourage those thoughts, dear," said Eva, pained at heart. "I am sure everything happens for the best."

Mrs. Brierley's broad, placid face wore something like a smile. Perhaps the circumstances of her life made her rather doubt this little piece of easy-going philosophy. "Out of evil comes good." Why not should this convenient and saintly proverb be reversed? she thought.

"I wish, my love, that fate had chosen a happier lot for you. It is impossible that you can forever go in ignorance of your parents."

"That's the only craving I have—the craving to know more of them, dear. You cannot imagine how often I have felt that I could not restrain myself asking you to tell me of them; but your request that I should not do so was never forgotten."

"What I could tell, my love, would only tend to make you unhappy, Eva."

Eva shook her head, and lifted her sad, dreamy eyes to Mrs. Brierley's placid face.

"I have lived all my short life without knowing them," she said simply, "and it cannot be unnatural, now that I should now listen to a recital of those woes—if they had any."

"They had, my love."

Eva sighed and looked down at the little dog. The sigh seemed a plaintive appeal to Mrs. Brierley to tell all she knew.

"Had I any brothers or sisters?"

"None, Eva."

"Then, my parents were young, were they, when——when——"

"When they were taken from you?" interrupted Mrs. Brierley. "Yes, my darling, they were."

"And well off?"

"At the time you were born your father was a wealthy and respected gentleman, mixed up with grand firms in the city," said Mrs. Brierley, gradually beginning to go into the subject, and unconsciously telling a widely-abridged portion of the sad, brief story.

"I was with your parents then, Eva, as housekeeper, and of course through your mother being so young, I was, even against my wish, her confidante. When you came into the world your dear mother took to me more than ever, and was never happy when away, unless you were in my charge, and I was proud of the confidence reposed in me, for I loved your mother dearly."

Poor Eva, hearing for the first time in her life her parents spoken of as beings who had lately been present, wealthy and beloved, sat and stared silently at the speaker, drinking in every word, and every word was handed over to memory, never to be erased.

"I remember now, so vividly, how your parents adored you, Eva; how they laid plans for your future. It seemed then that they never could know the want of means or feel the blighting breath of care. But there came a sudden change. Mr. De Vere returned home one night pale and haggard. I—I don't know, my darling, what passed. I never quite heard what was the matter, and it is not my place to give you imperfect detail. But it ended by your mother deciding to go away to the colonies with your father; and when the beautiful home was broken up, I saw that they had no help of it—go they must. 'And Eva?' I said. Well, I remember your poor, dear mother, how she clung to you, how she wept over you. What would be your fate was her only thought. Such a voyage as they would go would kill you, and what was to be done? 'Leave her with me, madam,' I said. I would love and cherish you and bring you up as well as it was in my power. Ah, my poor darling, poor darling, how she did weep with gladness. God bless her sweet face, and so—so much like yours."

Mrs. Brierley lifted her hand up to her eyes, and a low sob burst from her agitated breast. Eva was too greatly affected to speak a word; her eyes were full of tears, as her heart was full of pain, but still she sat as though stricken mute by the painful recital.

"Your darling mother agreed, Eva, and I took you to my little home when your parents left England. Had I been in the station of life they were born into, and their parents, I could not have waited with greater anxiety and yearning to hear of them than I did. Unhappily, the news that came was almost too much to bear. The vessel, called the 'Brigantine,' was wrecked and all hands lost—so the papers stated."

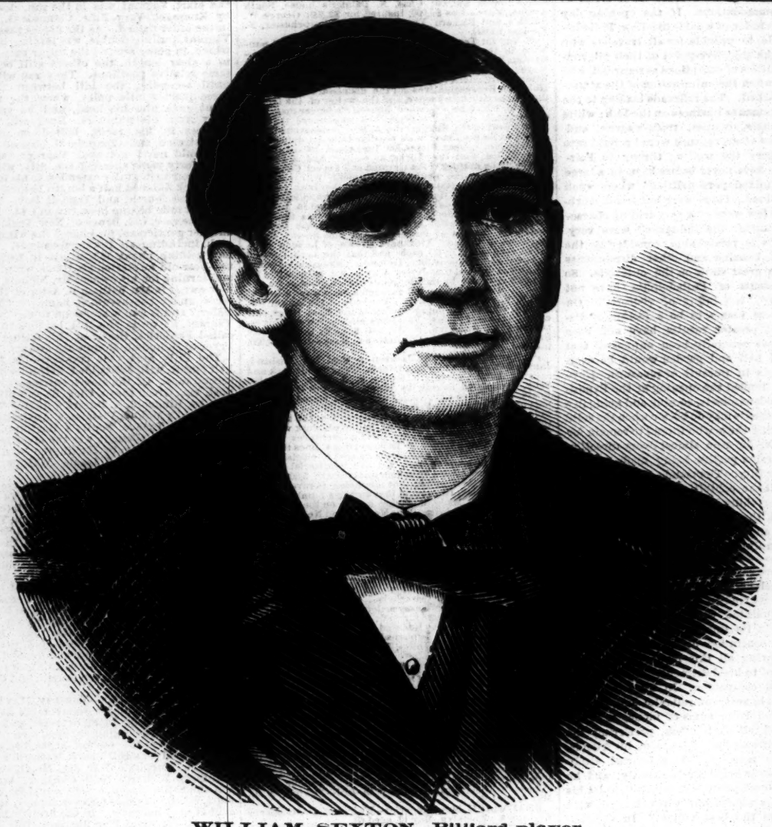
"My mother—my father!" wailed Eva.

"What could you hope for different to the hundred or so breaking hearts that had to bear the dreadful tidings? Would you expect the merciless ocean to make an exception for you?"

"I know you never—never heard of—of——"

"My darling, as time went on I heard from the Colonies from a friend or relation. Money was sent to me to support you. It was then I came here and fitted up this place for you. For years a similar sum of money came regularly. There was more than I wanted, and, never knowing what might happen, I saved a portion out of each sum—and it was well I did so. Twice, as the usual date passed since the last remittance arrived, and I had neither money nor letter, you can understand why I seemed of late to be worse off. Still, I could keep us both from want on the interest of the money I have saved and by my own labor."

"Ah, my dear, dear friend!" exclaimed Evelyn, dropping on her knees before Mrs. Brierley, and, burying her face in her dress, clasped the stout, matronly figure firmly round the waist.



WILLIAM SEXTON, Billiard-player.
(FOR BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, SEE ELSEWHERE.)

"Hist, my darling, rise! The money was all yours; sent only for you. Rise, Eva; forget, I pray you, forget all that I have said."

"Oh, I cannot—I cannot!"

The next day Evelyn and Mrs. Brierley took a walk together. Each tried to cheer the other up, though both were sad at heart.

Eva had been crying more than she had slept during the night; her companion had been restless and sleepless, walking about the house, and even Spec seemed to understand that something unusual was about to happen.

"What time do you expect the carriage to call for you?" asked Mrs. Brierley.

"Half-past three, dear."

"We will get back in time to have some lunch before you start, my love?"

"Yes; and will you, dear, if a letter comes for me, send it on? I hope Ernest is not ill; it is so strange of him not to have written lately."

"His profession is an arduous one, my love, and there is little time for himself, you may depend."

Evelyn smiled. She felt that her lover could find time to write to her. She trembled at the construction she was forced to put on his protracted silence, and the coldness of his last few letters.

"I had intended to write him," she said; "but I will not now until I am in London—he might call and see me there."

"No doubt he will, my love," answered Mrs. Brierley, as if the subject was not quite agreeable to her, and with that they turned about and went home to lunch.

The afternoon was cold and dull, and the sitting-room was made bright and cheerful by a large fire. Now that Eva was really going, she fancied that the pretty parlor never looked so pleasant. Perhaps this was the first time in her life that she discovered how dear the old house was to her.

Mrs. Brierley had put her boxes in the hall, and now she sat with Eva, waiting for the carriage to come.

"We cannot be too grateful, my love," said Mrs. Brierley, "for what has happened. It is rarely that a girl finds such a home as you have; for, after all, a companion is rarely treated as anything more than an upper servant, and the position is not an enviable one. But you, my darling, seem to have got a friend in Miss Falconcourt to be sure, so warm and impulsive, and there is no one else to please."

"Yes, dear, that is true. I am sure that I never expected such treatment. Miss Falconcourt must be one of a few, and even the few would scarcely think of treating me with the carriage."

Whilst they were talking the time fled on, until the hour for the carriage to arrive came and went, and still they sat and chatted on until a loud and imperative knock at the door caused Mrs. Brierley to start up and go to the entrance.

She found the reception-rooms empty; a brougham was outside empty; Miss Falconcourt had not come.

"For Miss De Vere," said the tall footman, handing Mrs. Brierley a note.

The note contained these words:

"Eva is too much indisposed to leave the house. Pray come to me at once. Thomas will fetch your boxes.—M. F."

Evelyn stood up and looked earnestly at Mrs. Brierley. The time for parting had come at last; both felt the moment in silence.

"You will take care of Spec for me, dear?"

"Always, my love," and then, amidst kisses and tears, they bade their adieux, and Eva, pale and trembling, stepped into the handsome brougham and was driven rapidly away.

Long after she had gone, Mrs. Brierley stood by the window of the fire-lit room, looking out into the bleak, rugged road—looking far into the prospect that showed nothing of the sad past, less of the uncertain future.

The luggage train had come in. The usual familiar faces tolled up the zig-zag thoroughfare. The grimy, tired-out laborer toiled his way home, and darkness set in; and when the room grew silent and almost deserted, Mrs. Brierley became aware of the fact that a ragged, hungry-looking creature crouched on her doorstep—crouched in a heap altogether, with bent head and clasped arms, as if to shut out the view of the desolation that surrounded him.

Tender-hearted always, more tender-hearted now, she went to the door and looked down upon the illclad figure.

"Why do you sit there?" she said not unkindly.

The man rose, and turned a haggard face not beautified by a shaggy, sandy-colored beard and moustache, straw-colored hair and salty-pale lips.

"I beg pardon, ma'am," he said hoarsely, and would have moved on, but she stopped him.

"Are you hungry, my good man?"

"Well, ma'am, I have walked from Sheffield, and I am hungry—wellnigh starving. God help me, I didn't know as how I was doing any harm in resting here."

"Take this, and go where you can get rest and shelter." Mrs. Brierley gave him a shilling, and then went into the house to fetch him some bread and cold meat.

The hungry eyes gleamed, the weary form lit up at sight of this, his hoarse voice was thick and shaky, and the sturdy, sinewy hand trembled.

"God bless you, lady; you are the first Christian I've met with for many a long day. I do assure you, lady, that I am a respectable workingman. Let me come to-morrow and do some gardening to repay you for this. I shall feel so much happier here, I do assure you, I shall. God bless you."

He seemed earnest, he looked wistfully up to her face. Mrs. Brierley's heart was full of her own grief, but there was room for pity for him.

"Come, if you will," she said, seeing the tears of gratitude start to his hungry eyes. "I shall, I dare say, be able to find you a day's work."

Thrusting the shilling into his trousers-pocket, and hugging the bread and meat close up to him, the tramp bared his head, and, muttering and quivering a blessing, left the doorstep with a promise to call to-morrow.

"That man thinks he is the only one that has a grief," thought Mrs. Brierley as she heard his suppressed sob, and it found an echo in her breast just then. "O Eva, Eva, how I miss you! How I shall miss you through these long, weary, weary nights!"

* * * * *

The brougham carried Eva on to her destination without interruption, and her journey seemed much shorter than when she first went in. When she arrived the door was opened by the graven image, and she was begged to go upstairs at once. She followed a neatly-dressed maid into Miss Falconcourt's boudoir. Miss Falconcourt reclined on a handsome couch, an open book lay on her lap, her hair was hanging loosely about her shoulders, and her well-developed throat was somewhat bare.

"Excuse me rising, won't you?" she said, holding out her hand to Eva; "but I have had a severe nervous attack. I am positive I shall be ill unless I am cheered up a little. Ruth will show you to your room. Don't be long, dear, before you come down. I have such a charming young physician comes to see me, Dr. Todd's assistant. He will be here in a little before than twenty minutes. He comes every day now; quite a gentleman, I can assure you, and so clever and handsome."

She smiled as she said this. Eva smiled, too, and promised to return in time to see this prodigy of perfection. Eva went to her room, which was well lited, and contained a cozy rocking-chair and French bedstead with lace-trimmed hangings. It was well lit with gas and warmed by a bright fire. She was a little more than twenty minutes unpacking the small traveling-bag she had taken, and rearranging her costume for the house.

She went down-stairs, her soft slippers and the thick carpets rendering her step noiseless. She entered the boudoir by an ante-chamber. There was a tall, massively-built man, with slightly gray hair, seated by Miss Falconcourt's side. He held her hand in his, and something in their position struck Eva as being more than professionally familiar. Her blood rushed in a torrent to her heart. She paused, gasped, and then coughed slightly. The stranger started up. Miss Falconcourt looked over her pillow with a smile.

"Come, Eva dear. This is Dr. Todd's assistant," she said gayly.

Eva bowed low, and Dr. Todd's assistant started.

"Evelyn——Miss De Vere."

"Mr. Doyle——" and then came a painful pause.

CHAPTER V.

THE MAN FROM MANCHESTER.

Miss Falconcourt watched the meeting between Mr. Doyle and Evelyn with an earnest smile.

"How strange that you should know each other!" she said impulsively.

"I met Miss De Vere some months since," answered Doyle with a peculiar roving look in his eyes that came and then under any trying circumstances. "We were quite neighbors, were we not, Miss De Vere?"

"Yes, Mr. Doyle," answered Eva.

The meeting in the presence of Miss Falconcourt was a constraint to her; so, making some slight excuse, Eva retired, trembling from head to foot, and went to her own room. A look in the glass revealed how pale and agitated her face was.

"Miss Falconcourt must have seen this," she thought, and grew angry with herself, and heaped no end of reproaches upon her own pretty little head for being so weak-minded.

After rubbing her face with a towel to scour some color into it, and composing herself as well as she could, she descended the stairs just in time to meet Mr. Doyle in the reception-rooms.

"Evelyn," he said, taking her hand in his, and gazing into her face with the old, earnest look, "let me speak to you before I go—spare me a few minutes, my darling."

Eva led the reception-room, and they sat on the sofa side by side, true-lover fashion, and, modestly standing on the privilege given him as her intended husband, Doyle kissed her tenderly. He thought that she looked very lovely now—for a moment his love was at fever-heat—he remembered how he had slighted her, and, feeling as if he ought to be ashamed of himself, atoned for it by making much of her, and repeating his first protestations of adoration and fidelity.

"Tell me, Eva, my pet, how it is I find you here!" he said.

Evelyn told him the circumstances, and he praised her for being so energetic. He liked an independent spirit, he said, smiling, though independence asserted in this manner was rather out of woman's way.

Eva smiled, but knew what he went on to say set her thinking. He said that, though it was good and considerate of her to put herself out in the world, still was it quite wise? There was quiet comfort at home with Mrs. Brierley. There Eva was her own mistress, as much so as any lady in London circumstances, and, though he smiled very quietly into her pale, thoughtful face, she felt he was not pleased. Perhaps the step she had taken had hurt his pride.

"I did it for the best," she said in simple extenuation. "I never thought that you would find me here."

"And what if I have, little one? Am I not all the more proud of you? This will not last forever—already my position is very much improved. Dr. Todd is getting old; he has attended royalty, and will, most likely, be knighted. I am in favor with most of his patients, and, should his health give way at all, I have every reason to believe that I shall carry on his practice."

"I am sure you are quite qualified, dear Ernest."

"Your good little heart would make me perfection, I know," he said. "You would like to place me at the top of the tree all at once. Well, I shall not let an opportunity pass to get there as soon as possible. I shall not let you stay here longer than I can help."

Evelyn became thoughtful, and Mr. Doyle changed the subject. He spoke of the quiet days spent in Merton Villa—was hopeful of their future, and spoke of an early union, until Miss Falconcourt sent for Evelyn, then they kissed and parted.

Miss Falconcourt was cheerful, and in a mood to twit Evelyn when that young lady again appeared in the boudoir.

"Well, Eva, have you been making up to Mr. Doyle? I shall have to keep a sharp look-out on you two. There, now, you need not look so innocent. I am sure that, if I had known the doctor as you did, I should have fallen right down in love with him—I am positive I should."

Pleasant this for Evelyn. It was well for her that she knew Miss Falconcourt's wayward, impulsive nature, or she might have taken this all in earnest.

"Up to just lately," answered Evelyn thoughtfully, "I have not had much time or opportunity to think of love. It seems to me that the longest life is but short, and that, unless we make good use of the present, a lifetime is sadly wasted."

"Oh, dear, pray don't turn philosopher and moralist," said Miss Falconcourt, feeling anything but philosophical at the present moment. "Pray, Mrs. Grundy, what have you had to do to occupy so much of your time and mental abstraction?"

"I have had to make the best use of the means of self-improvement placed in my power by Mrs. Brierley's kindness and attention."

"I never could study," said Miss Falconcourt, pouting.

"You never had occasion to try, or I am sure you would; but your life, so to speak, has been planned out for you—time is of no consequence, money no consideration, care a creation, brought under your notice only in romance. The luxuries of life are to you simply every-day necessaries, though you can form no idea of what necessity means, as many, many thousands would define it, or as they understand it and experience it in this wonderful city."

"Surely, my dear Eva, you cannot speak from personal experience?"

"No, I have not suffered personally, but my quiet, unassuming station in life often took me where want and sickness—inseparable companions—stalk about, with death sometimes only too close on their trail."

"Upon my word, you will make me feel quite wretched," said Miss Falconcourt with a shiver. "Did you ever go on like this with Mr. Doyle?"

"He is not a great conversationalist. I used to think that such men as he would talk brilliantly."

"That does not follow; clever men are not always gifted with glib tongues. Tasso was but a bitter; Milton was irritable when pressed into conversation; in company Hogarth was absent-minded; the same is said of Swift, and a great many more I could name. Southey was almost insipid, Ben Johnson preferred his wine. Cornelius, Addison, Chaucer, Dryden, Dante, Camoens, Tantalo, and many more all bear the reputation of having been very indifferent talkers. Really, my dear, I am quite astonished at having remembered so many names. Never mind; sing me a song, Eva, will you?"

Eva required no second bidding; she made her simple duties here a labor of love. Miss Falconcourt saw it, appreciated it, and her affection for Evelyn strengthened more every day that passed, and she never let an opportunity go by to prove her friendship for Eva.

Weeks soon multiplied into months. Mr. Falconcourt was here and there, sometimes with members of his party, sometimes down with his constituents, or engaged in the House. No matter what his movements were, the time always went in pleasure and perfect happiness with Evelyn and Miss Falconcourt.

Evelyn went into society more as if she were Mr. Falconcourt's ward than his daughter's paid companion. This state of affairs, of course, was the cause of much talking in the world, but Miss Falconcourt's relations and friends—ill-feeling against Evelyn that was not always disguised even in her presence.

"My dear, how can you devote so much of your time to that unfortunate thing?" was the half-repeated remark of a Miss Clementine Grady, aged fifty-two, a supporter of Madame Rachel, and dressed like a forward juvenile. Others contented themselves, fearing to incur Miss Falconcourt's displeasure, with whispering among themselves about that penniless, outcast girl, with some assumed name of ridiculous proportions.

Nature had fortunately endowed Evelyn with a philosophical turn of mind.

"In every station of life," she would reason within herself, "there are unpleasantries, and it is very far better to bear them in silence and live them down."

During the absence of Mr. Falconcourt Marian would frequently drive over to Merton Villa with Evelyn. Somehow there was something in the quiet, peaceful simplicity of the place that had its charm for her.

The first time she went after Eva had left, there was a man with a sandy beard and pale blue eyes working as gardener. He had walked from Manchester, Mrs. Brierley said. His name was Jasper Strong. She was giving him a dinner, as, on and off, just to keep him from the casual ward of the prison. By-and-bye his visits were less frequent, and then suddenly ceased. He had got a situation under the kindly recommendation of Mrs. Brierley. At time went on he seemed to drop out of mind with them all; and the man from Manchester might never have existed for what was said or remembered of him, until one evening, when Evelyn paid a visit to Mrs. Brierley, who, strange to say, had failed to show up at Kensington on two occasions when she had been expected.

Evelyn, on arriving within a few paces of Merton Villa, saw a face that seemed familiar to her; a second glance, and she remembered it as belonging to the man from Manchester. By some approaching circumstances, and, though he smiled very quietly and advance approached him and laid a hand heavily on his shoulder. The man from Manchester turned sharply, and found himself face to face with a broad-shouldered, weather-beaten, black-browed person, whose attire made him anything or nothing in particular—most likely the latter.

"Look here, my man," Evelyn heard him say, "if I find you hanging about this house it will be the worst for you. So just mark that!"

"I was a-going away from here, and only looked up to ask the lady that was good to me," answered Jasper Strong sullenly.

"She don't want your thanks, nor your company. That's enough, isn't it? Don't try it on, now. I'm here, d'ye understand that?"

The man from Manchester turned away, and Evelyn, with her heart standing still, retraced her steps a short distance; and when she faced round again only one figure stood there, with clasped hands and bowed head, glancing with a bitter scowl at the window of Merton Villa. This figure was that of the man from Manchester, and he seemed to be muttering to himself—muttering darkly, threateningly—as if whatever there was bad in his nature had been suddenly aroused, and concentrated itself into mortal hate.

TO BE CONTINUED.

No Danger.—He lounged up to the office counter, picked up a tooth-pick, and as he pried at his molars he said to the clerk:

"Must be hard—mustn't it?—for a man to be buried in a trance state."

"Yes'r," was the brief reply.

"That's all I'm afraid of," continued the confidential dead-beat. "I'm afraid I'll be buried before I'm really dead."

"I guess not," answered the clerk. "The law regulates that."

"The law? How?"

"It prescribes how long the body shall hang before being cut down."

The man softly laid the tooth-pick down on the counter, and went over to look at the files of the daily papers.

Mme. Suzanne Lagler, a good actress, but extremely stout, was one night enacting a part in a melodrama with Talfiade, the original Pierre of "The Two Orphans," and thus had, at one moment, to carry her fainting off the stage. He tried with all his might to lift the stout heroine; but, although she helped her little comrade by standing on tiptoe, in the usual manner, he was unable to move her an inch. At this juncture a boy in the gallery called out: "Take what you can, and come back for the rest."

THE SONG AND THE SINGER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

There's a wonderful song, which a singer
In the days that have vanished and fled
Poured sweetly out into the silence,
Though the singer was dying for bread.
So deep in its passion, and loving,
So true to the heart-beat of man,
That the song has sung on through the silence
Ever since its first singing began.

So simple, so pure in its sweetness,
So filled with the spirit of love,
That angels bent earthward to listen,
And paused from their hymning above.
And God, who created the singer,
And held him a soul undefiled,
Poured into his singing the music
That beats in the heart of a child.

The grandeur that lives in the mountains,
The beauty that dwells in the plain,
The rhythmaic beat of the footsteps
That fall in the patter of rain,
The strains of the wind-harp Æolian,
That sweep the broad ocean along,
The music of stars in their orbits,
Poured into that wonderful song.

He wove from the sheen of the moon-rays
A melody full of delight
As the beautiful fusion of colors
Which gleam in the rainbow at night—
So filled with an infinite longing,
So touched with a feeling of calm,
That it softened humanity's heart-beats,
And breathed on the spirit like balm.

Men paused in their deafness to listen,
And sadness crept into the tone;
Its voice was of tender compassion,
Its triumph swept into a moan.
The world, growing wiser and better,
Though the singer dwelt sad and apart,
Took home to its hearth-stones the singing,
And folded it close to its heart.

And out in the marts of the city,
And out in the hurrying throng,
Men thought of the life of the music
That swept through the wonderful song.
It rang in the heart of the merchant,
From the lips of the beggar again
It poured in its beauty and clearness,
The song with its wond'rous refrain.

For the singer, alone in his attic,
As he dwelt from the people apart,
Walked close in the footprints of angels,
And lived in humanity's heart.
And the songs that the stars sang through darkness
He took to the point of his pen,
And the music of winds in the forests
He wrote for the children of men.

As the years in unending procession
Swept swiftly and strangely along,
Men paused from their traffic to listen
To the voice of that wonderful song.
At last someone thought of the singer,
And turned from the singing, and said:
"Who is he, this wonderful poet?"
But the singer had perished for bread.

THE BASKET-BOY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CELIA LOGAN.

The basket-boy is considered the most insignificant person about a theatre. The call-boy is of consequence, and may be at any moment promoted to the prompter's desk, and the call-boy may come to be stage-manager or an actor. The "supe" may rise to be captain of the supernumerary forces, thence to delivering messages, and so on upward in the dramatic list; but for the basket-boy there are no promotions, no emoluments, no thanks, and small pay. Once a basket-boy, always a basket-boy. The profession never seem to think how really valuable a servant is the begrimed basket-boy. His modesty must be his first characteristic, punctuality the second. In theatres where pieces are changed nightly, the basket-boy has to carry a basket to the actress or actor in the morning and call for it the afternoon, and a magnificent basket is seldom a light load. It is really surprising what a number of heavy dresses, boots, swords, belts, boxes, wigs, tights, gloves, ribbons, fans, petticoats, and other "props and fakements," one champagne basket will hold. To and from the theatre the basket-boy trots daily with his load containing treasures of great cost and rarity, which, if stolen, would be almost impossible to replace, but theft among the little-prized class in question is very infrequent. How much peace and quiet depends on the basket-boy! If the boy be late, what agonies the waiting actor endures. lest, by being retarded in dressing, he should keep the curtain down, and not only be fined, but thrown into such a fluster that he forgets his lines, misses his entrances, ruins his own part, and vexes all that of the others, and all because he was kept waiting for his basket.

No performance of a new piece could take place if the different basket-boys should combine to make off with the baskets of the entire company, each that of the leading man or lady! They couldn't act without their dresses, so the curtain could not go up; and yet nobody ever thinks that there is any responsibility attaching to the humble basket-boy, and he is the last person a star gives a "douceur" to.

Donald Pennypacker (not his real name—his own was even more uncommon) was basket-boy to a certain theatre in Broadway; but he was getting to be a young man when the war broke out, at the country's first call for men Donald faithfully carried home his last basket, and, seizing a gun, went straight to the front. A few kindly player-folks whom he had served so well wondered what had become of the poor boy who, among myriads of other nameless heroes, was fighting on that most memorable line—whether he still lived or had fallen; if the latter, they felt sure it had been with his face to the foe; but no single relative in the world had Donald to inquire after or care for his fate. He was a foster boy, whose parents had died and left him, while in childhood, to be worked his way to this city in search of a paternal uncle that he heard his father say lived here, but whom he had never found.

Shortly after peace was declared a tattered soldier, hungry, footsore, weary, alone and penniless, limped painfully to the stage-door of the Theatre in Broadway. A faded, ragged blue overcoat ill-sheltered him from the piercing blasts of one of the coldest Winters ever known in New York. Who in this tall, emaciated, famished and haggard man could recognize the once bright-eyed, cheerful basket-boy Donald Pennypacker? It was he. He had received a wound which had almost hamstrung him, but he had recovered without losing his leg, though destined to lameness all his life.

So much from want of food that he could hardly speak, he asked for a certain actress whom he had seen from the bills was playing there. She was at Rehearsal, fortunately, and came to him at the back door. Like the majority of the profession, Anna M——, was not need to be solicited to do an act of kindness. She exclaimed in horror when he told her who he was:

"Merciful powers! can it be possible that all the reward our brave boys get is to come back beggars? Go right out, get a good square meal, come to my house this afternoon, and I'll see what I can do for you."

She gave him all she could spare; for, not holding a prominent position, her salary was small, and the calls upon it were many; but she provided for Donald until she got him a number of baskets to carry, when he was not able to do any hard work. He had a very fair common education, and she obtained some copying for him, so that he supported himself the rest of the Winter. Ofttimes, when the baskets were not quite

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

C. L., Washington.—"During a conversation between two friends of mine came to argue the guilt or innocence of Rubenstein, and, not agreeing, they bet—A bet he would not be hung, and B that he would be hung. Now, as you know, Rubenstein died in prison. Who has won or lost the wager?".....If, as the first clause of this question implies, the argument was on the guilt or innocence of Rubenstein, then it must be assumed that it was conceded by the parties that his being hung would or would not determine that guilt or innocence. In that view, this bet, differing from the case of "R. H." (see elsewhere), is a draw. Had Rubenstein not died a natural death, his sentence might have been commuted, or he might have been hung.

W. R. R., Philadelphia.—"3 dots, and the game is cribbage." Right. A 4, 5 and 6 (taken two by two) are 15; A 3, 5 and 6 are 14, and take two for the 15; B a 3, A a 4, B a 5, and claims a run of five holes and one for "last card." A has no small card and cannot play, but calls "a go." Is B entitled to the five holes and one for "last card?" Per B: takes 5 points for the sequence. The 5 could not be the "last card" if A had a card that he could not play and make the count 31 or under. Besides, if A had got another card, where was B's fourth card? We are only shown the disposition of three cards each. If it was the five-card game, how could A have any cards after B had played his 5? Guess there is some mistake in your wording of the question. Try again.

E. H., Boston.—"I made a bet a month ago that P. N. Rubenstein would be hung. The stakeholder now wants to pay the money over to the other party, but I, being of a different opinion, we have decided to leave it to your editorial opinion." ..... The stakeholder is right. The case was not an ordinary one, where Gubernatorial clemency was likely to interpose. The precedents were always that those who Rubenstein would die of organic disease, or starvation, or by the hand of a friend, if not of his own. These probabilities were freely discussed in the newspapers, and they formed the basis of nearly all such wagers as E. B. speaks of.

F. H. P., Albany.—"Will you be so kind as to inform me what is the correct way to count a euchre on a lone hand playing what is called railroad euchre? To illustrate, I make the trump, call for my partner's best, and play it alone. My opponent euchres me. Should he count two or four, according to Hoyle? The decision of a bet depends on your verdict." ..... I. Assuming what is not stated, viz., that your opponent also went alone, he is entitled to four points. If both of your opponents played against you, then they are entitled to but two points. 2. Hoyle never wrote upon euchre, either railroad or legitimate.

FAWYUCKER.—"In a game of baseball, two men are out and one on third base; the striker hits a high ball between third base and home; short-stop rushes up to get it, and the man on third starts for home. A collision ensues, and the base-runner falls to the ground, partially stunned, while the ball is being thrown to first base, the captain of the nine, with another of his nine to assist, picks up the prostrate companion and carries him to the home-plate. Does the run count, or not?" ..... The player running only has to touch the home-plate. He had no business to run so as to collide with the fielder. By that act he put himself out. A.

S. A. H.—"Please decide the following bet: A bets B that he (A) learned to play billiards in Chicago and St. Louis in game played 8th inst., viz. the score being 3 to 2), 4 to 3, 6 to 2, 7 to 4, 6 to 3, 5 to 2, and 5 to 3. Who loses?" ..... The man who marked 6 to 2 loses. Proposition determining unless otherwise specified; and he virtually contracted that the game would be won by a score of at least three to one.

RANDELL, Ellsworth.—The National Association could take two views of the transaction. They could make it from the time of the three-quarter miles a bar for a full mile. If the parties are members of the Association, they could be expelled therefrom, or, if not members, they could make it the sole purpose of suppressing time. The rules cannot be evaded in that way.

W. G. E., Buffalo.—Sancho pedro is a senseless jumble of seven-up and euchre-pitch, with California draw-in occasionally. 2. High counts out first, which fact helps to make the senselessness of the game more apparent. 3. P, being 49, is out on his high and low, even though 2 (being his seven to go, had already taken in sancho, pedro, jack and game.

C. H., Mendota.—The Garnella Brothers, who traveled last Summer with Tony Pastor's Combination, performed the feat you name. Little Dick, standing upon his brother's shoulders, leaped into the air, made two complete revolutions, and alighted upon his feet again on Robert's shoulders.

LITTLE BLUFF, Lansingburg.—1. The League rules are now in vogue with all the professional clubs. 2. The clubs belonging to the Association are the Athletic, Mutual and Clubs. 3. Ten men constitute a side under the ten-men and ten-innings rule, otherwise nine men comprise a side in a match.

CALADONIAN.—"After P. N. Rubenstein was sentenced to be hanged, on March 24, I made a bet that 'Rubenstein would not be hanged.' There was nothing said about his escaping or dying. Since then he died in his prison-cell. Who wins the bet?" ..... You win, on this statement.

PLA.—A chemical compound, which can be purchased at many of the druggists in this city, is used to bleach dark hair to a blonde color. It is claimed that the hair is not injured; but its use causes much annoyance, as when the hair grows out from the scalp it is of its original color, and that portion must be dyed.

T. E. S. B., Baltimore.—There is no reason why your friend should not succeed in making a theatre pay him, especially as several of the managers are not only experienced professional gentleman to assist him in the management. Many theatres are run in that way in this country, and notably so in New York.

A Subscriber, Topeka.—1. Goldsmith Maid has a record of 2:14. 2. Lula never trotted with a running mate, and her best record is 2:18. She has gone faster than that with a mate at her wheels, but, as it was to beat 2:14, and she failed, it is not a record.

ETHEL E.—If you are a skilled performer, the way to obtain an engagement with a circus would be to apply to the proprietor either in person or by letter. If you are a novice, it would do you no good to apply, as they never engage novices. You must apprentice yourself to some performer.

H. B., Philadelphia.—1. We think Somerville's theatre in Gull River, Mass., at present. 2. Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., inclosing a stamp for a reply, and he will find out and tell you printed instructions how to procure a copyright.

EXCELSIOR.—1. There are no "best rules;" one code governs the professional, the other the amateur. Both are to be as near alike as possible. 2. Probably not. If he attempted to gain admission with such tickets, he would be liable to arrest.

S. S., St. Louis.—Mr. Clapp is regarded as the best coacher by the management. 2. Mr. Miller is laid aside. 3. We know nothing about the salaries of any professional players. That is a private matter. 4. The customary division of gate-money is one-third, we believe.

DUNCK.—The Mutuals hail from Brooklyn this season, not New York. They have a manager who resides in Brooklyn, their grounds are in Brooklyn, and the majority of their team are resident players of that city.

EDWARDS, Cincinnati.—The Cincinnati Club did not lose a single game in 1875, but they did not win all, as they had a tie game with the Chicago Stars. 2. He never won a prize-fight.

DRAMATIST, Cincinnati.—You cannot secure a copyright for a drama in both the United States and Canada, because you cannot be a citizen of both countries. You cannot prevent anyone playing your piece in Canada.

F. A., Philadelphia.—Your card will cost 50c. for each insertion. 2. Cannot decide who is the best teacher and best road-dancer in this country. 3. John Morrissey was born in Templemore, County Tipperary, Ireland, Oct. 12, 1831.

H. O'DONOGHUE, Halifax.—The greatest recorded distance thrown by a stone, five-sixths of a pound, is 218 ft. 6in., horizontal, cold stream. 2. Stone is 14 inches in length, taken from a cistern, by Mississippi, No. 2, at New Orleans, La.

J. M., Manchester.—1. We cannot tell you where Joseph Murphy was born, nor where he commenced his professional career. 2. Ordinarily, we refused to accept a farmer's challenge from the party mentioned.

STEAMBOATMEN, New Orleans.—The moment your partner says he will go alone, he constructively enters into a bargain by which alone he can be governed. Any laying down of the dealer's hand.

ENT, Cincinnati.—1. Several horses have trotted twenty miles within an hour. See "The Chinese Admiral" for all that is known. 3. George M. Patchen was not a long-distance trotter.

EUREKA, Gasconade.—We are pleased to learn that you have struck gold and are enjoying such a beautiful spot. 2. Many of the survivors of the war are here, and "Little Mac" has many friends hereaway.

POSTLEASER.—"During a three-handed game of cribbage, A played a 7, B a 5, A a 6 and B a four, for which he (B) claims a run of three. Please decide" ..... No run for B.

CORNELIUS REASON, Cresco.—It was a special game of seven up, and we cannot undertake to make rules for such. Special rules could thus be multiplied so that it would be impossible to keep track of them.

C. H., Hamilton.—There is no record of the greatest number of cars, empty or loaded, ever drawn by a locomotive. Besides, as the question is put, there could be no positive answer to it, even were there a record.

WM. H. S., Baltimore.—The circulations of those papers are not accessible to the public. 2. Look at the business cards in our sporting department, and address any of those houses.

READER, Chicago.—With us, a score of 1 to 0 is not considered equal to two to one. If A wagers that the Blacks will beat the Whites two to one, the Blacks must make at least 2 runs, whether the Whites make 1 or 0.

BRICKYOU, Providence.—1. Mrs. Barney Williams and Mrs. W. J. Florence are sisters. 2. W. J. Florence was born in Albany, N. Y.

LOCKWOOD, Philadelphia.—Write to B. W. Hitchcock, 443 Third avenue, New York, and he will send you circulars giving the information desired.

PAT, South Bend.—Such an advertisement as you suggest would probably be the best means of attaining the end you desire. It would cost you $4.50 for each insertion.

B. AND M.—It is purely a matter of opinion which of the two bacists you name is the better performer. Both are good.

W. J. R., Boston.—With eight clubs playing a series of ten games with each other, the ... 1 would be 280 games.

E. V., Syracuse.—If, as you state, the other better knew that you were betting on the number of pieces, all that is necessary for you to do is to get him to count them. When a man offers pennies to "go all or none" against a colt, it is to be taken for granted that he has ascertained, to a certainty, that he can win. If you knew that odds as to double the matter; whereas, had he brought forth three or four or a handful of pieces, it would be clear that he meant the number of pieces, whether odd or even, should decide.

J. T. E., Cleveland.—1. Bass singers command from $20 per week upward, according to merit and reputation. 2. Fifteen cents per line each insertion. See advertisement. 3. Proposition undetermined. 4. Yes. 5. Generally, minstrel troupes organize in the Summer, and start on the road in the Fall.

B. S. F., C.—1. We have not heard of Miss Emma Marsh for some time. 2. The measurement of the dome we have not at hand. 3. Trinity steeple is variously assigned a height of 283 and a height of 286. 4. As we have not the measurement of all the great offices in this country, we can express no opinion that would be valuable. 5. Both are bad.

MANSFIELD, Ohio.—The rules explicitly call for a cessation of play after rain has fallen for five minutes, in the amateur code as well as in the professional League code of rules. Under the section governing the circumstances of this game, it was "no game."

SPACEWRITER, Overton.—To succeed upon the stage, a person should have a good figure, a fine appearance, a good voice, and intelligence. A person who is disproportionately bulbil and is not good-looking should give up all idea of going further than to be a mime.

FANNEY, Louisville.—We do not know what the arrangement is with professionals under the circumstances of their being injured, and requiring a physician's attendance. Probably all clubs would not act alike under those circumstances.

T. W. B., London.—An amateur club, in the strict sense of the term, is a club which does not pay a player in any way, whether by "money, place, or emolument," and which does not share in any gate-receipts at inclosed grounds.

TWITOT, Louisville.—2. The burlesque is not printed. It is the property of the San Francisco Minstrels, in this city. They will sell you a copy. 2. We never answer such questions.

J. B.—If your act is not properly copyrighted, you cannot stop other persons performing it, unless you appeal to their sense of professional honor, and upon that ground they cease doing so.

CONSTANT READER, Appleton.—Chemical experiments are not adapted to sideshow business. The expense of transporting corrosive chemicals and apparatus securely packed would be too great.

MINSTREL, Chicago.—Song-and-dance business is more profitable than that of "The Musical Moke." By learning the former you will be able to do both, and thereby enhance your attractiveness.

O. R.—Capt. Webb is the only man who ever crossed the English Channel, unaided by a life-saving suit. Paul Boyton is the only man who has crossed it encased in such apparatus.

O. H. S., Fall River.—1. Charlotte Thompson is acting in Brooklyn. 2. She is married. 3. Born in Bradford, Eng., June 7, 1843.

B. E. T., Cincinnati.—The clause "fifty-four and no more" renders it necessary for us to be exact, and it will take a week to hunt the matter up.

REGULATORS, Baton Rouge.—1. Jim Mace was born April 8, 1831; Joe Coburn, July 20, 1835. 2. Will endeavor to answer your letter.

SUBSCRIBER, Phila.—We have a record of a race between those two men in May, 1872, in which that time was given out; but in our report it is stated that Coates was the victor.

JOHN C. ORR, Jr., Cincinnati.—Ed. James, 88 Centre street, this city, will send you a book containing the rules, on receipt of $1.

H. J. G., Toronto.—Ferguson, now captain of the Hartfords, was captain of the Atlantics in 1874, Bond being his pitcher then.

MUSICIAN, Foxboro.—1. After the draw, no one but the age can pass at draw-poker and come in again. 2. If folows that no one can draw more than three cards after the age.

DON PEDRO.—In 1875 the population of London, Eng., was estimated at 3,445,160; Paris, France (census of 1872), 1,851,792; Pekin, China (estimated 1870), 1,648,814.

NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME.—1. You are correct as you put the case. 2. Four 15's is right. 3. He may so assist. 4. No.

GEO. PEAT.—From shore to shore of the East River, where the Brooklyn Bridge is to span, is 1,595½ft., while the whole length of London Bridge is only 920ft.

B. A. C.—When "The Rivals" was performed in Wallack's Theatre, the young actress called Bob Acres and Charles Fisher Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

W. W. L., Parkersburg.—1. We thank you for the contribution, but shall not be able to use it. To what address shall we send it?

J. P., Forestville.—There will be stock-poultry and dog shows in Philadelphia, but it is not probable that England will be largely represented in them.

TOWER CLOCK.—The glass dial of *The Tribune* clock is 9ft. in diameter, and the outer stone dial 12ft.; City Hall glass, 6ft. 6in.; Hoe's building, wood, 9ft.

OLD READER.—1. Carter's pug Pape beat the dog Crib in this city March 18, 1849. 2. Peytona beat Fashion, on the Union Course, L. I., May 13, 1845.

GEO. W. WORTHINGTON.—Send to Ed. James, as per address in advertisement, for a catalogue, and make a selection.

BROS. W. P., St. Louis.—1. Do you refer to their match in England, or the present one? 2. You can obtain the information desired by consulting a lawyer in your city.

JIM, Toronto.—Members of the British House of Commons are not allowed to contribute editorially, but receive pay when serving on special committees.

CREDITOR.—The legal aspect of the case would depend upon the wording of the advertisement, but THE CLIPPER would not be the medium to take the risk of publishing such a card.

VON B., Troy.—1. We never publish the salaries that individual performers receive. 2. E. L. Davenport is considered the best general actor on the stage.

E. J. E., Denison.—Delmonico has a restaurant open in this city. His third one, corner of Chambers street and Broadway, was closed a few days ago.

B. M., Cincinnati.—We never heard of Harry Wright playing short stop in any club, except the old Knickerbockers, in 1858.

H. N. E., Columbus.—Wilt. G. Barlow still performs with Haverly's Minstrels. The paragraph was correct at the time.

J. D. C., Mittineague.—At forty-fives, the leading of ace of hearts calls for a trump—never for a heart, unless hearts are trumps.

TAR HEEL, Tarboro.—The Academy of Music, this city, was burned on the night of May 21, 1866.

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ENGLISHMAN.—"Dancing Limber Jim," "A Model Love Letter," "Par Ex."

O. T., Chicago.—A does, if B, when he marked, did not know the mark of A. Otherwise the bet is void.

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B. J. H., Holly Springs.—Address Thomas Dolan, Western Union office, this city, inclosing stamp for reply.

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B. H., Kankakee.—The highest recorded run at three-ball carom is 76, by Maurice Daly, at Chicago, in 1871.

BROCK, Brooklyn.—Having turned up the joker, the dealer can look at his hand before announcing the trump.

P. L., Greenville.—No answers by mail. Address a letter to him in care of this office.

NO. 12, Stoneboro.—Slavery was abolished in the District of Columbia in April, 1862.

J. F., Omaha.—Flora Temple is living, and is thirty-one years old.

J. S.—At the Thomas Brothers' Exchange, Broadway near Thirtieth street. There are also other places.

CONSTANT READER, Jersey City.—In addition, a player can call out, or claim out, as soon as he has points enough.

B. F. M. LEE, Peoria.—"The Ticket-of-leave Man" is occasionally acted nowadays.

C. T. A., Morristown.—In amusement department, $1.30; sporting or miscellaneous, $1.60.

A. U. P., Tallahassee.—Tom Thumb was born in Bridgeport, Conn., in 1838.

BERT, Chicago.—No answers by mail. We know nothing of the party you name.

SUNSET CITY.—We have no record of the time and place of one person turning a triple somersault in this country.

F. K., Fallston.—Your card will cost $1.50 for each insertion.

B. C., San Francisco.—He is in this city, and at present disengaged.

JACK POT, Saugerties.—A, who opened the pot on less than jacks, has no claim upon any part of B's money.

T. D. WILLIAMSON.—Williamson has never been found, and we have never heard that he left any such statement.

X 10 U 8, Wilmington.—A sweep counts at any stage of cassino.

MANSION HOUSE, Toronto.—Barry Sullivan was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1824.

J. L., Hartford.—L loses. The score shows but eight innings.

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JACOB SMITH.—The better score of the two games—1 to 0 and 3 to 2—is the 1 to 0.

G. and M.—"G bets that three fives, a six and four count 24 at cribbage. M bets that it is 23. Who wins?" ..... M.

B. W., Memphis.—Your antagonist having made the trump, you reply to his lead.

W. H. M., Dayton.—Do not know anything of the lottery.

FRED W., New Rochelle.—Send it along for examination.

F. G. F.—See obituary notice in appropriate department.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, New Orleans.—Is not on his call.

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G. C. S., Boston.—The score appears in this issue.

C. E. W., Union City.—Flora Temple is not dead.

J. D. W., Piqua.—Yes; come along, but be brief.

M. N. S., Philadelphia.—Send along the items.

CONWAY.—Miss Lillian Conway is unmarried.

C. E. BOSTON.—We have no such cut.

J. T. W., Minneapolis.—All right.

THE PREMIERE of Anna Dickinson as an actress, if not as a dramatic writer, which was made so painfully apparent on the occasion of the lady's debut at the Globe Theatre, Boston, on Monday evening, May 8, may help to disabuse the popular mind of the belief that success in one branch of art is but the forerunner of triumph of the same person in all branches. As a lecturer, Miss Anna Dickinson has achieved fame and fortune, with which she should have been satisfied; but, like many others of her class, the idea seemed to possess her that the stage needed her presence to give it tone and brilliancy. She lost sight of the fact that actresses are not made in a day—that they require years of toil and study before they can hope to make a successful debut. Miss Dickinson had everything in her favor when she attempted the role of an actress on the 8th inst.; the house was filled with her friends and admirers; she appeared in a play of her own, and her experience before the public as a lecturer had seemed to give her that confidence which is so necessary to the success of the novice. With all these in her favor, she made a dire failure, and realized the truth that acting is not her forte. On the night of her debut the house was crowded in every part—on the succeeding night the theatre was not more than half full. Anna will, no doubt, gracefully "step down and out."

SOME PEOPLE have such an attachment for Jem Mace that they do not like him to be out of their sight. It was, probably, owing to such a feeling that Messrs. Underhill & Co., to enjoin James from leaving the city, attached the latter's wardrobe, well knowing that Jem could not show in public without his things. The prize-ring has less terror for the assaulter-at-arms than the law.

IF YOU DON'T want to be gouged (don't make it gorged) within the inclosure of the Centennial, take a lunch with you. The restaurants charge such exorbitant prices that visitors are giving them the cold shoulder. Forty cents for one ham sandwich! Gosh!

THE UNVEILING of the marble statue of George D. Prentice, and the formal opening of *The Courier-Journal* Building, Louisville, Ky., will take place on the 16th of May.

THE QUAKER SHOW.

The Centennial Exposition, which was opened with imposing ceremonies on Wednesday, May 10, fully answers the expectations which had been formed of it, and does credit to those through whose skill and abilities the exhibition was conceived and carried out to a successful issue. The press, whose correspondents were present from all parts of the country, is a unit in declaring the opening a grand triumph, and the display, in some particulars, surpassing that made at Vienna, Austria, a few years ago. The sight within the grounds and without was one long to be remembered; and those who were fortunate enough to see and hear the inaugural exercises will count the occasion as a great epoch in their lives. Although no correct count was taken of the number of persons who passed into the exhibition inclosure, it is estimated that the figures will reach between one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and fifty thousand, not more than eighty thousand of whom paid their way, while the remainder were made up of invited guests, military, musicians, singers, and those people who manage to go free to every exhibition!

The hotels and restaurants in the vicinity of the exhibition did an encouraging business on the 10th, nearly every place being cleaned out of provender when the shades of evening "threw a mantle o'er the scene." Since then the rush has not been so great, nor have the edibles and bibibles been in so active a demand; nevertheless, things have been in fair request, and the little places where moderate prices rule have been well repaid for the capital and labor invested in them. The city hotels were all full on the 10th, and latecomers could be seen skirmishing round for some humble cot or even less pretentious accommodations. If the opening day can be taken as an index of what is to follow, Philadelphia will be able to provide for all travelers who make that city the objective-point of their pilgrimage, with probabilities of exceptions as regards the 3d and 4th of July, when the culmination of the attractions will be reached. The railroads leading to the grounds did an immense business on the 10th; while carriages, omnibuses, coupes, trade-wagons, and every other species of conveyance were brought into requisition to carry the waiting throng to Fairmount Park. We have never before been in a large assemblage of "mixed personalities" where such order was maintained. There were but few disturbances, and those few were of a very trifling character; and parties "under the influence" were very limited; and this is remarkable, considering the large number of benzine and other dispensaries which fringe the great show on the outskirts. So far, the amusements of Philadelphia have not profited much by "the influx of visitors." On the contrary, there seems to be a feeling of disappointment that greater results have not been attained, for it has generally been supposed that every theatre and hall and garden would be overrun by the crowds in pursuit of pleasure. However, those who attended the opening of the Exposition were but transient guests, coming and going in a hurry, and amusements may do better when the solid tide sets in, carrying those who intend to remain for one or more weeks; for from almost every direction we hear of excursion-parties being made up for a trip to the Quaker City. Thousands of persons are holding back until the exhibition can be seen in its entirety, with everything in its place, walks cleared of encumbrances, the flower-beds in a more flourishing condition, and all the machinery of the exhibition in good running order.

IT IS WITH sincere regret that we this week record the death of the celebrated pedestrian John Grindall, which sad event occurred on Wednesday, May 10. We first became acquainted with Mr. Grindall when THE CLIPPER was in its infancy, and the friendship then commenced continued up to the time of his decease; and, during all this lapse of time, we never heard a word to his detriment. He was a true friend and a genial companion. In his career as a pedestrian he was honest and reliable; and, though he had been offered large sums of money to throw races, he scorned all such offers, preferring the good-will and esteem and confidence of his friends. He was a poor man, and had labored studiously and hard to provide for his family, and he had, at times, suffered privations rather than let his friends know of his wants; but through it all, with him "honesty was the best policy." In sporting circles we never knew a squarer man than John Grindall, and our experience among such classes has been long and extensive. While it gives us pain to be compelled to announce his decease, it is a source of pleasure to be able to testify to his worth as a man, to his love of fair play, and to his integrity of character. In another part of this paper particulars of his death and a record of his most important races may be found.

BROTHER BOWEN gets into a good many tight places by his indisposition to "tell all he knows" to the detriment of dear Brother Beecher; and his watch and Ward got hustled out of the meeting one night last week for being sassy. It is *now* said that Brother Bowen is "willing to tell all he knows" if Brother Moulton is permitted to back him up; but this cannot be allowed, as Moulton is prejudiced. It is astonishing what a firm hold on the affections of the people this scandal has.

SECRETARY BRISTOW left New York last week by the *blackball line*.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** May 8: An accident caused by carelessness occurred at the steam elevator which carries the horse-cars from Hoboken to the top of Bergen Hill, N. J., a car filled with passengers being thrown off the platform and falling a distance of thirty feet. A number were injured, and Edward, several fatally.....The New York ship Neptune was reported to have been wrecked on Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia. No lives were lost, but the captain and crew were taken off from the wreck by a passenger.....Simeon Mills, John Johnson and Ezra Marks were reported to have been drowned by the capsizing of a boat at Thompsonville, Ct., on the 7th.....Joseph Rivera shot and killed his wife near South Troy, N. Y.—Dispatches by cable announced that General Cluseret has written a denial of the statement that he solicited a pardon, and declared that he would not flee if captured, and would have shot ex-President Thiers or President McMahon if he had captured them; that Austria refuses to longer aid Herzegovinian refugees, and has informed Turkey that the ports of Klek will be closed if the Turkish force at Scutari is increased; that Col. Gordon's expedition is returning to Cairo, Egypt, having, through lack of support, failed to establish and maintain a line of communication with Equatorial Africa; that ex-Queen Christine will return to Spain about the end of May, and will reside at Arnajuez, and that ex-Queen Isabella will retain a villa at Biarritz, and take up her residence at San Sebastian; that the Porte has promised the French and German Ambassadors at Constantinople, Turkey, every satisfaction in the matter of building such a card.....Vox B., Troy.—I. We never publish the salaries that individual performers receive. 2. E. L. Davenport is considered the best general actor on the stage.

E. J. E., Denison.—Delmonico has a restaurant open in this city. His third one, corner of Chambers street and Broadway, was closed a few days ago.

B. M., Cincinnati.—We never heard of Harry Wright playing short stop in any club, except the old Knickerbockers, in 1858.

H. N. E., Columbus.—Wilt. G. Barlow still performs with Haverly's Minstrels. The paragraph was correct at the time.

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THE TURF.

KENTUCKY ASSOCIATION SPRING MEETING.

FIRST DAY—MONDAY, MAY 8.

The celebration of the fiftieth Spring meeting of the Kentucky Race Association commenced at Lexington on Monday, May 8, and continued through-out the week. Of the original members of the Association, only one survives. The history of racing in Kentucky dates back to the year 1797, or about five years before Kentucky was admitted as a State into the Union, and when Lexington contained only seven hundred inhabitants. Racing was held regularly every year from that period until the commencement of the war in 1861. The Lexington Jockey Club was organized in 1826, and the Association in 1836. In that year the present Kentucky Association was formed, and since that time, with the exception of the Spring of 1863, two race meetings have been held annually. The track is confessedly one of the fastest in the country. The present meeting commenced under favorable auspices, for the weather was delightful, the attendance large, and visitors and strangers larger than had been seen for years previously, and the course in good order for running.

The Phœnix Hotel Stakes—the first race on the programme—was for three-year-old colts and fillies, $50 entrance, play or pay, with $300 added by the Association; one mile and an eighth. There were fifteen nominations, making the value of the stake $1,050, and of them the following came to the post: Frank Harper's Very Fine, James A. Grinstead's Knapsack and Janet, T. J. Nichols' Vagrant, Keene Richards' Clemmie G., and A. Buford's Yandall. The appearance of the Kentucky three-year-old crack Vagrant among the field of starters created excitement, and he made a favorite over the field, the odds of $100 to $30 that he would win being freely offered and sparingly taken. In a false start, Janet broke away from the man who held her, threw her rider, and lamed herself so badly that she was obliged to be withdrawn. Immediately after the start, Vagrant was in the van, closely attended by Knapsack, Very Fine, Clemmie G., and Yandall, in the order named. As the horses passed the stand, Vagrant, pulling double, was leading half a length, which, in going around the upper turn, he increased to a clear length, the others still occupying the same relative positions. They ran without change until reaching the hill between the half and three-quarter mile poles, when the rider of Vagrant gave him his head, and he galloped clean away from his pursuers. Knapsack, as he usually does in his races, bolted on entering the homestretch, and Clemmie G. became second; but she could never get near Vagrant, who galloped home forty yards ahead of the filly without apparently ever being collected to his highest speed. Knapsack finished half a length behind Clemmie G., Very Fine fourth, and Yandall last. Time, 1:56¾, the first mile having been run in 1:43. Immediately after the race, Col. Bruce of New York, on behalf of another gentleman, purchased the winner for $7,000 cash, including all his engagements. Vagrant is a bay gelding, about 15¾ hands in height, and as a two-year-old he started six times, winning five races, and earning for his owner, Mr. Nichols, $3,800. His new owner is Mr. William B. Astor of this city, who races under the assumed name of "Mr. Louis A. Ehler," and is a new accession to the turf. Besides Vagrant, he owns the full brother to Monarchist, called Frederick the Great, his trainer being Davis Pryor of Holmdell, Monmouth County, N

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

May 16, Athletic vs. Hartford, at Hartford, Ct.
May 16, St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, at St. Louis, Mo.
May 16, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Chicago, Ill.
May 17, Hartford vs. Boston, at Boston, Mass.
May 17, King Philip vs. Live Oak, at Rockland, Mass.
May 18, New Haven vs. Hartford, at New Haven, Ct.
May 19, Boston vs. Athletic, at Boston.
May 20, New Haven vs. Athletic, at New Haven.
May 20, Mutual vs. Boston, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
May 22, Arlington vs. Star, at Newark, N. J.
May 23, Orange vs. Mutual, Orange, N. J.

BOSTON vs. ATHLETIC.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BOSTON, May 15.

The Athletics and Bostons played again this afternoon. Rain fell continuously after the second inning, and a cessation of play for forty minutes took place at the end of the third inning. The remainder of the game was played under protest, as the umpire, Mr. Hodges, refused to call it. The ball was slippery, and good fielding was therefore impossible. A new ball was used during the last two innings. Manning pitched for the Reds, the last three innings, while Meyerle pitched. Sutton played third, and Knight right field for the Athletics. About a thousand persons were present. The score by innings follows:

Boston	1	1	6	3	0	1	2	0	2—15
Athletic	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—8

Umpire—Mr. Hodges.

THE PROFESSIONAL CAMPAIGN.

So far this season the West appears to be getting the better of the East in the professional arena, and, judging of the clubs of the two sections simply by the respective playing strength of each, the figures of the play thus far in the West and in the East in the League-pennant contests show superior fielding and batting on the part of the Western-club nines. Up to May 15 thirty-five games had been played in the League-pennant arena, and of these the four Western clubs had won eighteen, Chicago leading with eight out of nine, and St. Louis being second, with five out of nine. The Eastern nines during the same period had won seventeen games, Hartford leading with six out of seven, and Boston being second with four out of eight. Where the gain for the West displays itself in the record is in the greater number of single-figure games which have been played out West. For instance, while not even a single "Chicago" score has marked the contests of any of the Eastern clubs, the following clubs have been "Chicagoed" out West, not one of the nines there escaping:

St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis	1 to 0
St. Louis vs. Louisville, at St. Louis	3 0
Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville	4 0
St. Louis vs. Louisville, at St. Louis	5 0
Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago	6 0
Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville	10 0
St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, at St. Louis	11 0
Louisville vs. St. Louis, at Louisville	11 0

It will be seen by the above record that the Louisville nine have been victimized no less than four times in this way, and Cincinnati twice, while Chicago and St. Louis have contributed to the Chicago cat-eggs but one each. Last week's play was noteworthy for the number of League-club contests marked by single-figure scores, showing sharp fielding and effective pitching, as the record below attests:

May 9, St. Louis vs. Louisville, at St. Louis.....10 to 0
May 8, Chicago vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.....3 2
May 13, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Chicago.....4 2
May 10, Louisville, at St. Louis vs. St. Louis.....5 0
May 8, Mutual vs. Boston, at Boston.....5 1
May 10, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago.....6 0
May 11, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.....6 5
May 12, Hartford vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.....7 5
May 11, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago.....9 5

It will be seen that the Western clubs lead by six out of the nine games marked by single-figure scores.

Thus far Chicago keeps in the van in the West, and Hartford in the East, as will be seen by the appended records of the games played to May 13, inclusive.

CHARTER OAK vs. STAR.

The Stars of New Haven, with Goldsmith and Parsons, late of the New Haven professionals, visited Hartford, Ct., May 11, and played their first game with the Charter Oaks for the State championship. It was not a well-played game in any respect, the only interest to the spectators being the closeness of the score, which, in the latter part of the game, made it exciting. The Charter Oaks batted Parsons freely, and in the sixth inning Goldsmith was substituted with better effect. The score:

CHARTER OAK.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Mansfield, 2b.	1	2	2	1	0
Wheeler, p.	0	1	2	7	2
Knox, 3d b.	1	0	1	0	4
Burr, c.	0	1	7	1	1
Bolan, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Frisbie, s. s.	2	2	3	1	2
O'Brien, 1st b.	1	0	11	0	1
Ramsey, c. f.	2	1	2	0	1
Batterson, r. f.	2	0	1	0	0
Totals	11	9	27	10	11

STAR.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
O'Neil, 2d b.	1	0	1	0	1
Parsons, p.	1	2	2	2	5
Hiller, 1st b.	0	0	9	0	4
Carey, c. f.	0	2	2	0	0
Weiss, r. f.	2	0	0	0	0
Goldsmith, l. f.	3	1	3	6	1
Conrad, s. s.	1	1	2	3	1
Clark, 3d b.	1	3	4	2	1
Welch, c.	1	1	7	5	7
Totals	10	10	30	18	20

Charter Oak	0	2	0	2	1	0	1	5	—11
Star	0	0	0	1	0	3	0	0	6—10

Runs earned—Charter Oak, 1; Star, 1. First base by errors—Charter Oak, 9; Star, 5. Struck out—Charter Oak, 8; Star, 2. Umpire, Mr. Christie of New Haven. Time, 2h. 5m.

NEW HAVEN vs. RHODE ISLAND.

On the morning of the 13th inst., the New Haven Club encountered the Rhode Islands of Providence, R. I., in a match game for the championship of New England championship. Errors by Nichols and Spence gave the visitors their only runs, while the New Havens scored four in the first inning by safe hits by Pabor, Cassidy and Seward, aided by as many errors. Nichol's pitching was effective, the Rhode Islands only making only two safe hits and striking out seven times. The score:

NEW HAVEN.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fleet, 2d b.	1	1	1	1	1
Waitt, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Pabor, l. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Cassidy, 1st b.	1	1	15	1	0
Seward, c.	1	1	3	5	0
Spence, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	2
Wright, s. s.	0	0	0	2	1
Nichols, p.	0	0	0	9	4
McGee, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	6	6	27	25	7

RHODE ISLAND.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Brady, 2d b.	0	0	1	1	1
Barry, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Burns, 3d b.	0	0	1	0	1
Conway, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Hanlon, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Turbidy, s. s.	0	0	0	2	0
Keenan, c.	0	0	5	1	5
Critchley, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	0	0	27	4	7

New Haven	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2—6
Rhode Island	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Runs earned—New Haven, 2. First bases on errors—New Haven, 6; Rhode Island, 5. Struck out—New Haven, 3; Rhode Island, 7. Umpire, A. D. Ayres of New Haven. Time, 2h. 8m.

READING vs. QUICKSTEP.

On May 10, at Reading, Pa., the Actives and Quicksteps of Wilmington, Del., crossed bats. The ground was very heavy and totally unfit for playing. After the third inning game was called, owing to rain, the score standing 6 to 3 in favor of Quicksteps. On the 11th they again met, when the Actives beat the Q's easily, 11 to 5, outbatting and outfielding them at every point. In the sixth inning James, who was catching in relief of Rocap, received a foul-tip on the eye, causing a very painful wound. Lauman was substituted, as he played well. Score:

ACTIVE.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
James, c. f.	2	2	2	0	1
Goodman, 1st b.	1	0	12	0	0
Hiffer, s. s.	2	1	0	2	1
Lovett, p.	2	1	0	1	0
Ressler, 2d b.	3	4	0	3	0
Rocap, c.	0	0	1	0	0
Dillon, l. f.	0	2	0	0	0
Stott, 3d b.	0	0	1	3	0
Warren, r. f.	1	0	3	0	0
Totals	11	10	30	9	2

QUICKSTEP.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Myers, 2d b.	0	0	1	1	0
Crane, 2d b.	0	1	1	2	0
Eagan, p.	0	0	0	0	3
Butler, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
McGonagle, 1 b.	0	0	13	1	0
Canary, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Oxley, c.	0	1	3	0	2
Connor, r. f.	1	0	0	0	1
Totals	1	1	22	4	6

Reading	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Louisville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned runs—St. Louis, 2. Passed balls—Clapp, 1; Snyder, 2. Umpire—Wm. Osborne of Louisville. Time, 1h. 30m.

CHARTER OAK vs. STAR.

The Stars of New Haven, with Goldsmith and Parsons, late of the New Haven professionals, visited Hartford, Ct., May 11, and played their first game with the Charter Oaks for the State championship. It was not a well-played game in any respect, the only interest to the spectators being the closeness of the score, which, in the latter part of the game, made it exciting. The Charter Oaks batted Parsons freely, and in the sixth inning Goldsmith was substituted with better effect. The score:

CHARTER OAK.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Mansfield, 2b. b.	1	2	2	1	0
Wheeler, p.	0	1	2	7	2
Knox, 3d b.	1	0	1	0	4
Burr, c.	0	1	7	1	1
Bolan, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Frisbie, s. s.	2	2	3	1	2
O'Brien, 1st b.	1	0	11	0	1
Ramsey, c. f.	2	1	2	0	1
Batterson, r. f.	2	0	1	0	0
Totals	11	9	27	12	11

STAR.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
O'Neil, 2d b.	1	0	1	0	1
Parsons, p.	1	2	2	2	5
Hiller, 1st b.	0	0	9	0	4
Carey, c. f.	0	2	2	0	0
Weiss, r. f.	2	0	0	0	0
Goldsmith, l. f.	3	1	3	6	1
Conrad, s. s.	1	1	2	3	1
Clark, 3d b.	1	3	4	2	1
Welch, c.	1	1	7	5	7
Totals	10	10	30	18	20

Charter Oak	0	2	0	2	1	0	1	5	—11
Star	0	0	0	1	0	3	0	0	6—10

Runs earned—Charter Oak, 1; Star, 1. First base by errors—Charter Oak, 9; Star, 5. Struck out—Charter Oak, 8; Star, 2. Umpire, Mr. Christie of New Haven. Time, 2h. 5m.

HARVARD vs. BROWN.

Five hundred persons viewed the game between these University nines at Providence, R. I., May 13, upon which occasion the magentas again proved their superiority. Both teams were guilty of numerous errors. The score:

HARVARD.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Leeds, s. s.	0	1	1	3	3
Wright, 1st b.	1	2	11	0	0
Tyng, c.	0	0	7	2	1
Thayer, 3d b.	2	0	3	2	1
Ernst, p.	1	0	3	4	1
Dow, r. f.	1	0	2	0	0
Latham, l. f.	1	1	5	0	0
Thatcher, c.	1	2	4	2	7
Sawyer, 2d b.	2	1	3	5	0
Totals	10	11	27	15	18

BROWN.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Nickerson, 1b.	1	0	9	0	2
Salisbury, r. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Hall, c.	0	0	4	1	0
Comstock, 2d b.	2	2	2	2	1
Lee, 3d b.	0	1	4	2	4
Chase, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Cross, c.	0	1	0	0	1
Fulmer, s. s.	0	0	2	3	2
Somerville, 2d b.	0	0	0	2	0
Ryan, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Totals	7	4	27	12	10

Harvard	2	1	0	0	2	0	2	0	0—7
Brown	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Passed balls—Thatcher, 4; Cross, 2. Bases on called balls—Harvard, 4; Brown, 1. Wild pitch—Huse, 1. Umpire, Walter Nichols. Time, 2h. 10m.

BUCKEYE vs. CAPITAL CITY.

The representative teams of the Hoosier and Buckeye capitals met on the grounds of the latter, at Columbus, O., May 9, the Hoosiers succumbing after a sharp fight. The score:

BUCKEYE.	T. R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Burke, s. s.	5	0	2	1	3
Mace, 2d b.	5	1	2	3	0
Dodds, r. f.	5	0	1	0	0
Foran, 1st b.	4	0	11	0	0
Barnie, c.	5	0	11	9	2
Doscher, 3d b.	4	0	0	1	0
Nolan, p.	4	1	1	1	4
Mansell, l. f.	4	0	1	0	1
West, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0
Totals	39	4	9	27	11

CAPITAL CITY.	T. R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Smith, c.	4	0	0	8	0
Wallace, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0
Moran, p.	3	0	0	0	2
McDermot, 1st b.	1	1	12	0	0
Eden, 2d b.	3	0	0	1	0
Dunn, c. f.	3	0	1	2	0
Harvey, 3d b.	4	1	1	2	0
Landers, r. f.	4	0	0	0	1
Totals	31	1	27	9	7

Buckeye	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2	—4
Capital City	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Earned runs—Buckeye, 2. Umpire, J. Walsh. Time, 1h. 30m.

LIVE OAK vs. FALL RIVER.

The New England championship was the second time contended for by these Massachusetts Clubs on May 13, at Lynn, with the result above below, that the Fall-river nine were obliged to take the train for home preventing further play. Mutrie, Crane and McGonagle made three double-plays. The score:

LIVE OAK.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gordon, s. s.	0	1	2	2	0
Hall, 3d b.	0	1	0	0	0
Tippett, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Bradley, p.	0	0	2	0	0
Hawkes, 2d b.	1	2	3	1	0
Cashin, r. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Cogswell, c.	1	1	2	9	0
Shattuck, 1st b.	0	0	5	0	1
King, c. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	4	11	27	5	8

FALL-RIVER.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Piggot, 3d b.	1	1	1	4	1
Mutrie, s. s.	2	3	1	4	2
Crane, 2d b.	0	1	1	3	0
Eagan, p.	0	0	0	0	3
Butler, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
McGonagle, 1 b.	0	0	13	1	0
Canary, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Oxley, c.	0	1	3	0	2
Connor, r. f.	1	0	0	0	1
Totals	4	10	27	12	7

Live Oak	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	0	0—4
Fall River	0	0	3	2	0	0	0	2	0—7

Double-plays—Fall-river, 3. Earned run—Live Oak, 1. Struck out—Fall-river, 10. Passed balls—Oxley, 1; Cogswell, 2. Umpire, W. L. Bates of Lynn. Time, 2h. 30m.

CHICAGO vs. LOUISVILLE.

The game between the above professional clubs, played at Chicago, Ill., May 13, was won by the local nine on wild throwing and an unfinisham by the visitors, who stand charged with ten errors against two by their opponents. The score:

CHICAGO.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barnes, 2d b.	0	1	5	3	1
Anson, 3d b.	0	1	2	4	0
McVey, 1st b.	0	0	12	0	0
Hines, c. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Spalding, p.	0	0	0	0	1
Addy, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0
White, c.	1	1	3	1	0
Peters, s. s.	1	0	1	2	0
Glenn, l. f.	1	1	4	0	0
Totals	4	5	27	12	2

LOUISVILLE.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hastings, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Snyder, c.	0	0	3	4	0
Devlin, p.	1	2	0	2	1
Hague, 3d b.	1	1	0	3	0
Gerhardt, 1st b.	0	1	9	0	0
Bechtel, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Fulmer, s. s.	0	0	2	3	0
Somerville, 2d b.	0	0	0	0	0
Ryan, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Totals	2	4	17	15	10

Chicago	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	—4
Louisville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	—2

Total base-hits—Chicago, 5; Louisville, 5. First base on errors—Chicago, 6. Bases on balls—Hastings, 1. Earned run—Louisville, 1. Umpire, M. Walsh of Louisville.

LOUISVILLE vs. CAPITAL CITY.

The contest in which these nines were principals, at Indianapolis, Ind., May 8, resulted as under:

LOUISVILLE.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hastings, c.	1	1	11	2	1
Allison, 1st b.	0	0	1	9	0
Devlin, p.	0	0	2	0	0
Hague, 3d b.	1	1	0	0	0
Gerhardt, c. f.	2	0	0	1	0
Carbine, r. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Fulmer, s. s.	0	1	2	2	0
Somerville, 2d b.	1	2	1	2	1
Ryan, l. f.	1	1	0	1	0
Totals	6	8	27	8	2

CAPITAL CITY.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Smith, c.	1	1	3	1	2
Wallace, l. f.	0	1	1	0	1
Moran, p.	1	1	0	3	0
McDermot, 1st b.	1	1	12	0	0
Eden, 2d b.	0	0	1	3	0
Dunn, c. f.	0	0	3	0	0
Julian, s. s.	0	0	1	0	5
Harvey, 3d b.	1	0	1	2	0
Landers, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	5	4	27	13	8

Umpire, John Chapman, manager Louisville Club. Scorers, Will. A. King and Gus Daniels. Time, 1h. 30m.

ACTIVE vs. KLEINE.

At Reading, Pa., on the 6th inst., the Actives encountered the Kleine Club of Philadelphia, and easily "Chicagoed" them. Both clubs fielded well, the Actives outbatting their opponents. James of the Actives lay off, owing to a sprained back, Lauman filling his place acceptably. It was the finest game played there this season. Score:

ACTIVE.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lauman, c. f.	1	2	0		
Goodman, 1st b.	0	0	2		
Heifert, 2d b.	1	1	0		
Lovett, p.	0	0	2		
Ressler, r. f.	1	3	0		
Rocap, c.	0	0	9		
Dillon, l. f.	0	0	2		
Stott, 3d b.	1	3	1		
Warren, s. s.	1	1	0		
Totals	5	13	6		

KLEINE.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cook, 3d b.	0	1	0		
Dunlap, s. s.	0	0	1		
Snyder, c.	0	0	1		
Devlin, p.	0	1	0		
Hague, 3d b.	0	1	2		
Gerhardt, 1st b.	0	1	10		
Bechtel, r. f.	0	0	0		
Fulmer, s. s.	0	0	0		
Somerville, 2d b.	0	0	1		
Ryan, l. f.	0	0	0		
Totals	0	4	6		

Umpire—Mr. Richie of the Centennial Club. Time, 2h.

NEW HAVEN vs. YALE.

After having administered a defeat to the Rhode Islands in the forenoon, the New Haven nine met the Yale College team in the afternoon of May 13, at New Haven, Ct., and gained a decisive victory over them, the only run made by the students being secured by a hit through the infield, which would probably have been stopped had Wright been at his post when play was called. Moxon of the Yales distinguished himself by a running foul-fly catch in the seventh inning. Score:

NEW HAVEN.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fleet, 2d b.	1	1	2	4	1
Waitt, 1st b.	2	0	10	1	1
Knowdell, r. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Cassidy, p.	2	1	1	5	1
Seward, c.	1	1	5	1	0
Spence, 3d b.	0	0	1	1	2
Wright, s. s.	1	1	2	1	0
Pabor, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
McGee, l. f.	1	2	2	0	0
Totals	6	8	27	13	7

YALE.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Morgan, c.	1	2	6	0	3
Bliss, 3d b.	0	0	1	3	4
Wheaton, s. s.	0	0	2	1	1
Dawes, c. f.	0	0	1	1	0
Carter, p.	0	0	1	0	0
Anthony, 2d b.	0	0	2	3	1
Downer, 1st b.	0	2	9	0	0
Platt, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Moxon, l. f.	0	1	2	0	2
Totals	1	7	27	15	10

New Haven	1	0	3	0	0	0	0	2	—6
Yale	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Run earned—New Haven, 1. First base on errors—New Haven, 3; Yale, 3. Struck out—New Haven, 3; Yale, 2. Umpire—T. B. Jewett, manager of the New Haven. Time, 1h. 32m.

OSCEOLA vs. WINONA.

A good game was contested by these nines at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., May 13, the Osceolas winning by the score below:

OSCEOLA.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Willetts, s. s.	2	1	3		
Spencer, p.	2	2	2		
Riggs, 2d b.	2	1	3		
Smith, c.	1	2	3		
McName, 3d b.	0	1	1		
Bonnell, c. f.	1	1	1		
McNeely, l. f.	0	0	0		
Selvage, r. f.	1	2	3		
Warner, 1st b.	0	1	4		
Totals	9	11	27		

WINONA.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	
Scribner, c.	1	2	2	
Balmer, p.	0	1	4	
Story, l. f.	1	0	4	
Bailey, c. f.	1	0	2	
Litterion, 2d b.	1	2	3	
Bennett, r. f.	0	0	0	
Thetford, s. s.	2	1	1	
Davenport, 3d b.	1	1	3	
Moffat, r. f.	1	0	4	
Totals	8	7	27	

Osceola	0	0	0	3	0	0	2	4	—9
Winona	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	5	—8

SHORT STOPS.

A Cincinnati paper recently got a police item mixed up in its baseball notes, in which it was stated that George Wright was arrested for stealing 13 hens and a rooster, the solemn name George being a word of individual import to all play. The original George used to his feats when his brother Harry pitched, and he has been "cock of the walk" at shortfield for years. He is also an adept at stealing, but it is only on the line of bases, and not fowls.....The Buckeyes have had a pretty poor time of it against City nine on the 9th inst., the Columbus team winning, 9 to 1, only.....The Western and Eastern club-managers have wisely come to terms on the matter of the visits, and, instead of our boys having "to go West" first, the other fellows will have to come East. Managers Cammeyer and Hurlburt agreed the matter up. Each of the Western clubs will play three games with each of the Eastern clubs, playing Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays every week, beginning May 23 and ending June 17 in consequence the New Havens have postponed their trip to the West until the last of June.....George Wright has published an illustrated catalogue of baseball goods, in which are also given excellent pictures of the new team of the club, with biographical sketches of them.....Rain stopped play in Brooklyn on Tuesday, Wednesday and the day of last week..... Craver makes an efficient captain of the Mutual nine, and he is playing a fine game now.....John Hatfield is a clerk at the Centennial Exhibition.....Malone's appointment as one of the Athletic team of 1876 was defeated by a vote of 66 to 12 at a recent meeting of the Athletic Club.....The Canadian Baseball Association have amended their playing code of 1876 by adopting the rule of calling every second unfair ball and every second foul tip a strike.....Bolton, on the opposite corner, and, being in no condition to fight, was terribly beaten—so badly, indeed, that his life was despaired of; but to the surprise of all he left the hospital and appeared on the street three days afterward, and in a wonderfully short space of time was again as well as before. The incident took place from his late residence, No. 125 Crosby street, on Sunday afternoon, May 14, and was attended by very many of those who in life had known him, including a number of those who have been identified with politics, especially in the days of the Tweed regime; for be it known that "Reddy" commanded a large following, and his sayings were valuable to the candidate on whose side he threw the weight of his influence. Many kind things were said of the dead man, too, as the throng stood about the door, and in an earnest way which carried with them conviction of the truth of the words spoken in respectful undertones by "rounders" and men of the world generally who had known him intimately. The pall-bearers were Gilbert M. Speir, Thos. McGuire, Michael Brashear, Joseph King, James Graves, Peter Keenan, and Lawrence McCarthy. The remains were interred in Calvary Cemetery.

ROOKE'S TESTIMONIAL.—George Rooke, the claimant of the middle-weight championship, was a candidate for public favor at Tammany Hall, Brooklyn, on last week, the date being Monday, May 8, and the locale the Germania Assembly Rooms, Twenty-sixth street and Seventh avenue. Early in the evening the outlook was far from promising, the money-givers filing in very slowly; but, later than usual, they came in in a way more pleasing to the eye of the doortender, until there were enough inside to promise a very good showing in the house, and, consequently, to satisfy the beneficiary, who, contrary to rule, found it necessary to offer inducements in the shape of legal-tenders before some of the sparrers who entered free would agree to put on the gloves—something, by-the-bye, which is becoming too common, and should be put a stop to. Taken as a whole, the show was a good one, and embraced sets-to between Johnny Lazarus and Fiddler Newell, Larry Powers and Steve Taylor, Mike Coburn and Ned Callahan (a better set-to than these light-weights generally indulge in), Ben Gallagher and Friend, John Glass and Young Jordan, Brady Brothers, and Prof. Miller and Greeke Rooke, and for the wind-up a Greco-Roman wrestling exhibition by Wm. Muir, who threw Prof. Miller in the former "bout" in his opponent twice out of three times. In the box between Rooke and Miller, which of course was regarded as the event of the evening, the audience were somewhat disappointed, as Rooke's good intentions in the way of full-distance sparring were in the main frustrated by Miller's desire to avoid his severe punishing, and his continual clinching on the part of the man's nature, we cite the case of the referee in the first fight between Dick Hollywood and Johnny Keating, at Gravesend, L. I., in 1864, when, seeing the referee, a young man comparatively unknown to him, bulldozed, and in danger of his life at the hands of Keating's partisans, who clamored for a decision in his favor on an alleged foul, jumped into the ring himself before the referee could act, and, at the risk of his own life, probably, prevented serious harm being done. This to show that his character was not decided by acclamation—but then, Miller beneath the cover of manner and speech there existed an undercurrent which did honor to the man. The last time in which his name was mentioned in connection with the latter was on June 25, 1871, when he shot and fatally wounded Jimmy Haggerty during a fight in Patsy Egan's saloon on the corner of Centennial Hall, Houston street. He surrendered himself to the authorities, and was lodged in the Tombs; but as it was conceded that the shooting was done in self-defense, he being in danger of his life at the hands of a much bigger and stronger man, he was allowed to go on $10,000 bail Feb. 1, 1871, and nothing more was heard of the case. He had nearly a year before been attacked by Haggerty in Rorocco's saloon, on the opposite corner, and, being in no condition to fight, was terribly beaten—so badly, indeed, that his life was despaired of; but to the surprise of all he left the hospital and appeared on the street three days afterward, and in a wonderfully short space of time was again as well as before. The funeral took place from his late residence, No. 125 Crosby street, on Sunday afternoon, May 14, and was attended by very many of those who in life had known him, including a number of those who have been identified with politics, especially in the days of the Tweed regime; for be it known that "Reddy" commanded a large following, and his sayings were valuable to the candidate on whose side he threw the weight of his influence. Many kind things were said of the dead man, too, as the throng stood about the door, and in an earnest way which carried with them conviction of the truth of the words spoken in respectful undertones by "rounders" and men of the world generally who had known him intimately. The pall-bearers were Gilbert M. Speir, Thos. McGuire, Michael Brashear, Joseph King, James Graves, Peter Keenan, and Lawrence McCarthy.

WHAT TO BRING ME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

To-night my soul is sick and sad;
Ah! would I from myself could hide!
My spirits falter, swoon and sink—
Care presses me on every side.

So bring me Wine! Fill to the brim
Till it o'erflows the festive bowl;
In it my senses will I steep,
In it will drown my very soul!

Bring Music! Aye! let me expire
To the soft breathings of its strains;
And, if it be the "food of love,"
I'll feed on it while life remains!

Bring witching Woman! In her smiles
I would my few brief moments bask;
And with these three, friend of my soul,
From thy dear hands no more I'll ask.

No more? Yes, stay; please add to these
(Be still, impatient heart, be still),
Now that I think of it, what most
I need—a twenty-dollar bill!

J. H. B.

THE FEMALE GAMBLERS.

A Story of a Heart's Denial.

Paris. Not the Avenue de Champs Elysees (once known in the days of the luxurious Cæsar as the Avenue de l'Imperatrice); not the Faubourg St. Germain, the rallying-ground of the supporters of the White Flag; but in a street at the back of the Boulevards, within pistol-shot of the Theatre St. Martin. A large house, with walls richly gilded inside, with much red velvet on the chairs and couches. A house divided into many suites of apartments, each suite occupying an entire flat. Our story has to do with the third flat.

During the siege it had been empty. Before, it had been occupied by the adherents of the Empire—the Empire which fell at Sedan. The owners of the ormulu tables and gold-legged chairs were exiles from their native land, living now possibly at Brussels, probably at Leicester square. During the Commune dust had collected on the tables, and cobwebs had spread over the painted ceilings and richly-papered walls. With the return of order a tenant had been found for the house. She was a lady—a widow; that was all that was known about her, except that she was willing, nay—eager—to pay the exorbitant terms demanded for the apartments by the landlord. Monsieur the landlord was living away from Paris, and was only too glad to receive money from a tenant for the last three years a very unprofitable investment; and so Monsieur the landlord took a very charitable view of his new tenant's past, and refused to examine her antecedents. Madame La Fontaine had been three months in residence when this story commences.

"She must have been very beautiful years ago," thought the world who saw her, as they looked upon her regular features and her large black eyes. Her complexion was deadly pale, save when art lent its assistance to nature, when rouge and *blanc-de-perle* met in not altogether friendly rivalry on her deeply-furrowed brow and her thin, pale cheeks; her hair was as white as snow; her expression was one of deep melancholy. People felt that this woman had a painful past, that for her there was no future.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning. Paris had long been awake. The English tourists of the small hotels, having finished their breakfast at the cheap restaurants in the Palais Royal, were bargaining with the drivers of remises to take them to see all the sights in the gay city and its environs; the gardens of the Tuileries were merry with the sounds of children's voices, and the courtyard of the Grand Hotel resounded with the accents of the inhabitants of the United States. Paris was quite awake, with only an exception here and there. One of these exceptions was the third flat in the street at the back of the Boulevards.

The shutters were closed; that was all that could be said about the house from the exterior. The sergent-de-ville, as he passed the door, looked up at the third flat with an uneasy glance. He had seen Madame La Fontaine, and, in spite of her many years, had judged her to be beautiful. He had white hair himself, and was gallant. He glanced uneasily at the suite of apartments occupied by Madame La Fontaine, because he felt that, sooner or later, he would some day have to enter those apartments in an official capacity. The sergent-de-ville would have glanced even more uneasily had he known everything—the everything hidden from the public view by the white-painted shutters.

A large room, nearly dark. Although it was ten o'clock, it would have been quite dark in this room had it not been for a wax-candle burning in a silver candelabra placed in the centre of a green baize-covered table. Near the table a number of chairs, some overthrown. On the chairs and table, cards; on the sideboard, cards again, and a dice-box; on the ormulu table, also supporting the looking-glass, cards, and a half-emptied champagne bottle. There was no doubt about it; the suite of apartments in the street at the back of the Boulevards was used by Madame La Fontaine as a gambling-house.

A red-headed man-servant was putting the place to rights. He yawned, and, stumbling over the chairs, walked up to the window and threw open the shutters. Then the sunlight streamed in, and the solitary wax-candle ceased to illuminate the apartment.

"A pretty mess they have made! Cards and dice, and the ends of cigars! Ugh! I have no patience with them," and the stooped down and began to collect the debris of the evening's dissipation. So occupied was he with his own thoughts that he did not hear a knock on the outer door. The knock was repeated, and then the handle was turned, and a gentleman entered the room.

He was an old man. He was thin and sallow, and wore a black wig. He carried a gold-headed stick, and spoke sharply. He was blunt, and evidently prided himself upon his nationality. After this description, need it be said that he was an Englishman?

"Hi'm i a very nice place indeed!" he exclaimed, looking through a pair of double eye-glasses at the room and its contents; "a very nice place indeed. Cards and dice! A gambling-house, and for its custodian a ruffian."

"Who's that calling me a ruffian?" cried the man-servant.

"An Englishman! Ah! I thought you were too respectable for a Frenchman."

"Respectable or not, what do you do here, and what's your name?"

"My name is Dr. Abernethy Blunt, and I have come here to give you five napoleons, if you earn them."

"That alters the case, sir. As you say, I am an Englishman, and know that business is business. But I aint a ruffian. A gentleman left me here to starve (he brought me over as a valet), and Madame here took pity upon me. She gave me this place, and I never met a kinder woman."

"The keeper of a gambling-house kind?"

"It seems strange, don't it? And yet it's gospel true. She's not at all a bad sort, take my word for it. But about them five napoleons, sir."

"Look here, my good friend," said the Doctor, "I will tell you what I want as briefly as I can. I have a ward—a young fellow who was left to my care by his father, a very dear friend of mine. This boy fell in love with a young lady. Her father would not let him marry her, and he ran away to Paris. The young lady fell ill, her father relented, and I have come here, bearing his blessing to young Hopeful; but young Hopeful has disappeared."

"Well, sir?"

"I have been to the French detectives; they are every whit as stupid as their English brethren. At the last moment I came across a French doctor, who gave me a clue—that clue led me here. Now, do you see how you can earn your five napoleons?"

"Not quite, sir."

"I want you to tell me if, within the last week, a young Englishman has been to this house? Whether he has been seen by Dr. Naudin (my informant)? Whether he is here now?"

"Well, sir, I will trust to your honor about the naps., and tell you all I know about it. Yes, sir; a young Englishman has been here during the last few days. He came about a week ago. He was happy when he came; he grew happier and happier, tossing off bottle after bottle of champagne, until he fell under that table there."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, as a general rule, it's my duty to turn out the drunk and incapables, for we must keep the house select; but on this occasion Madame stepped in. She seemed struck by his face. She started as if she had been shot through the heart. She ordered me to carry him to the small room next her own. On the following day he was in a fever, crying about 'Kate' and his lost love and all sorts of foolish things."

"Delirium," said the Doctor. "And what did madame do?"

"Why, sir, she watched over him like a mother over a child. When the doctor said he might die, she cried as if her heart would break. You would have never believed she could feel so deeply, had you seen her scenes. She's as cool as a cucumber when she keeps the bank."

"Very strange," murmured the Doctor. Then louder: "But you have not told me his name."

"Well, sir, until to-day he has scarcely been sensible. Last night the fever seemed to leave him, and madame would not let him talk. Just before I came here to do up the room I saw the French doctor, and he told me that the crisis was over, that he only wanted strength to be quite well. He is getting up. But if I do not know his name, sir, I have something that will do as well. I found this photograph in his coat-pocket."

"Five napoleons for your story, and an extra one for the photograph and some further assistance," said the Doctor, paying out the gold.

"Thank you, sir; here's the photograph."

"My ward!" murmured the Doctor. "And now tell this young gentleman that I am waiting for him. You know my name; mention it, and he will come to me."

"Certainly, sir," said the servant, and he approached the door.

"Stop!"

The Doctor and his servant turned sharply round. The door was open. Madame La Fontaine had entered the room.

"You can leave us, John," she said. "Whatever this gentleman has to say he will say to me. No, do not go by that door, my child."

"My child" had crossed over and was on the point of entering the passage leading to the flat, was obliged to comply with his mistress' orders. He gave a look at the Doctor, which, if looks signify anything, meant "You see it is not my fault," and disappeared.

Madame La Fontaine seated herself calmly in a fauteuil, and, motioning the Doctor to a chair, asked a question.

"And now, monsieur, what do you want here?"

The question received no reply. The Doctor's face became a study. His jaw had fallen, his eyes were fixed; he was evidently startled and confused.

"You do not answer me," she said. "However, I think I know the cause of your visit. You believe that at my receptions cards and dice are permitted. You are right—they are. But my receptions are held at eight in the evening, not at ten in the morning. Monsieur, shall I say *au revoir*?"

There was a pause, and then the Doctor exclaimed:

"We have met before!"

"Very likely," replied madame calmly. "I am a great traveler, and you may have seen me in Vienna, Wiesbaden Spa."

"This is the first time I have been away from England, and I left London for Paris last night."

"Indeed!" said madame, not quite so calmly.

"Well, monsieur, what do you want with me?"

"My ward," replied the Doctor shortly. "I have traced him here, and I have come to take him back with me."

"Your ward!"

"Madame, there is not the least reason for your astonishment. Your servant has confessed all to me. My ward is here, and here I remain until he leaves the house in my company."

"Are not his wishes to be consulted?"

"Certainly not. He is the son of a man who was one of my dearest friends. He will come with me."

He was thinking the while: "It is she. I cannot be mistaken." She was thinking the while: "This man may be bent, he cannot be broken."

"Monsieur, I will make a friend of you. Long ago I had a son; that son was lost to me, but not by death. When I saw the pale face of your ward, my heart yearned towards him. It seemed as if my child had been restored to me. I have watched over him long and tenderly. Do not take him from me!"

The Doctor murmured: "There is something in human nature, after all," and then said:

"You shall decide for yourself, madame."

She bowed her head, and sighed a sigh of intense relief.

"You were surprised when I told you that we had met before, and not on the Continent. I met you in England."

"In England!"—she was clutching spasmodically the arms of her chair, and her face was paler than ever.

"In England," repeated the Doctor, watching her earnestly. "And now, if it will not trouble you, I will tell you a little bit of family history."

She was silent.

"An Englishman married a wayward girl—a Frenchwoman—frivolous, fickle, false. A son was the result of the marriage. At the end of three years the French wife left the English husband in the company of one of her countrymen. My story, which you will admit is not a very long one, is over."

"But why do you tell me this?"

"Because you were the French wife; and the English husband, Henry Gordon, was my dead friend."

"He is dead!" she exclaimed.

"You have betrayed yourself, madame."

"No, no!" she said with an effort. "You startled me. Long ago I knew Monsieur Gordon and his miserable, unhappy wife. But you are mistaken; my name is Madame La Fontaine."

"Madame, I have nothing more to say. I am waiting for my ward."

"I tell you," she cried excitedly, "you shall not take him from me. What is your authority?"

"I represent his father, Henry Gordon. You see my claim is a good one."

She paused for a moment and turned deadly pale. Then she looked the Doctor full in the face, and said:

"I have a better. You are right, monsieur, I was the wife of your dead friend; and, as that wife, I claim the guardianship of my child."

"And it is here you would recognize your son! You would meet him as the keeper of a gambling-house!"

Then she broke down.

"Man, man!" she cried, "have you no pity? Is there no return? Ah!" Her hand was placed to her heart; she seemed to be fainting.

The Doctor approached her:

"You are ill."

"No, no!" she murmured; "I am very often like this."

The Doctor's face changed. For the first time he regarded her with pity.

"I repeat, madame, that you are ill, very ill, and I dare not excite you further. I have but little to say. You claim the guardianship of your son. So be it. I came here to save him. I brought with me the consent of the father of the woman he loves to his marriage. You are his mother, and I tell you this. I leave his fate in your hands. I will return in half an hour, and then you will have decided whether he is to come with me, free and joyous, or with his head bowed to the dust in sorrow and shame, a dishonored man." He looked at her—her head was resting on her clasped hands—and murmured: "The best course in any case for me, and I tell you this,

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

HOW BONES SERVED HIS GAL.

TAMBO.—Say, Mr. Bones, can you tell me dis ebening why a Custom-house ossifer am like a ship-carpenter?

BONES.—Because he likes smuggled cigars.

TAMBO.—Nuffin of de sort; our officials am far beyond dat *insin*-erations. A Custom-house ossifer am like a ship-carpenter because he *boards* vessels.

BONES.—Dat'll do pretty well; but can you tell me, Sam, why Dom Pedro, de Emperor ub Brazil, am like an Italian bandit?

TAMBO.—Bekase he thinks Fish is a sardine. And dat 'minds me dat de Treasurer has 'sumed speciepayment.

BONES.—Just so; money's been a locked-up *drug* in de market long enough, and I'd like to take a few *mint*-drops myself.

TAMBO.—You take pepperment, I bellebe; but do you know why you remind me of a military ossifer, Bones?

BONES.—I suppose my striking figure.

TAMBO.—Well, dat *might* have something to do wid it, for I see you striking Sam Johnsing for stamps de udder day, but don't know what de figure was. Anyway, you reminds me ub a military ossifer bekase you allers seems to be in some *mess* or udder.

BONES.—Why—what have I been doin' now?

TAMBO.—Why, I hears you hab had an outrageous row wid dat new gal ub yourn.

BONES.—Who told you dat?

TAMBO.—Nebber mind; but it's true.

BONES.—What is?

TAMBO.—Well, I heard dat you marched down to her house de udder day, bold as a soldier goin' up to de cannon's mouth.

BONES.—Well!

TAMBO.—But you didn't feel half so bold as you looked.

BONES.—Why so?

TAMBO.—Why, you hadn't been able to recruit de stamps to take her to de next church sociable.

BONES (*sarcastically*).—Well, how did I get out ob it?

TAMBO.—Why, says you (imitating Bones): "Miss Rhodosia, I am deeply afflicted dat it will be unpossible for me on dis auspicious evenin' ub all oddiers to escort you to de gatherin ub our fellabrethrin and sisterin; but I ward me no harm de storm ub your disaprombation, I have hired a prominant shipbuilder to erect me an ark, to shield me from de flood ub tears dat I anticerpate."

BONES.—Well, did de tears flow like de Milford dam?

TAMBO.—No; but I hear dat you thought she was mighty like a tack-hammer.

BONES.—Mighty handy wid de nails. Dat's so.

INTERLOCUTOR.—Mr. Honeylips will please melliflulate.

SWEET BESSIE BLEE.
A Ballad.

BY HARRY HUTCHINS, M. D.

Thou whose tender heart doth bleed
Ever at another's need,
Pity me, who's poor indeed,
Sweet Bessie Blee.
Wealth last thou of gold to share,
Wondrous wealth of golden hair—
Can you not one tangle spare,
Sweet Bessie Blee?
Sweet Bessie Blee, sweet Bessie Blee,
Can you not one tangle spare, sweet Bessie Blee?
Thus, while in the purple West
Slowly sank the sun to rest,
Soft I urged my love's request,
Sweet Bessie Blee.
Gone those Summer eventides—
He who on the storm-cloud rides
Brings together and divides,
Sweet Bessie Blee.
Sweet Bessie Blee, sweet Bessie Blee,
Brings together and divides, sweet Bessie Blee.
Summer past, came Winter cold—
Now beneath the frozen mold
Lowly lies the head of gold,
Sweet Bessie Blee.
Only on thy lover's breast
Lies one tangle, closely prest'd;
But the grave hath all the rest,
Sweet Bessie Blee.
Sweet Bessie Blee, sweet Bessie Blee,
But the grave hath all the rest, sweet Bessie Blee.

(HATHAM AND BOWERY THEATRES in 1845.

Marion A. Cronin of Baltimore, Md., sends us several advertisements cut from *Porter's Spirit of the Times*, copies of which we append. The New Chatham Theatre, as it was styled to distinguish it from the Chatham Theatre that stood on the northerly side of Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, was located on the southerly side of Chatham street, between Roosevelt and James streets, and was built for the late Thomas Flynn and Henry E. Willard (now living in retirement in Newark, N. J.) It was first opened Sept. 11, 1839, with "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" and "Family Jars." On Aug. 14, 1848, it was opened under the name of the New National Theatre. Its site is now occupied by business houses. Of those whose names are mentioned, Ben De Bar—who was the stage-manager, is now proprietor and manager of De Bar's Grand Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. J. B. Booth Jr., a sister of Ben De Bar, died in St. Louis, Mo., March 23, 1874; Mrs. G. W. Wallack Jr. is now residing in retirement at Long Branch, N. J.; Mrs. Hilliams died in Philadelphia, Pa., in December, 1859; W. H. Bellamy died in Greenpoint, L. I., April 15, 1866; J. W. Wallack, Jr., died in a sleeping-car while en route from Aiken, S. C., to this city, May 23, 1873; Miss Matilda Phillips is now Mrs. J. H. Stoddart, and is living in temporary retirement; Wyzeman Marshall is living in retirement in Boston, Mass. J. B. Booth is living, and during the past season was starring with his wife.

The Bowery Theatre was destroyed by fire for the fourth time April 25, 1845. The fire broke out early in the evening, before the doors were opened. E. L. Davenport was to have received a benefit that night, and was billed to perform Marchmont in "Robin Hood," Hezekiah Pokesbout in "Everybody's Mess," and Ben the Boatswain. The theatre was rebuilt by A. W. Jackson, who died in Brooklyn, L. I., May 7, 1866, and was opened Aug. 4, 1845, with the "Sleeping Beauty" and "Charles II," E. L. Davenport playing the leading roles in both pieces.

CHATHAM THEATRE.

Admission—Dress-circle, 50cts.; upper boxes, 25cts.; pit, 12½cts. Doors open at 7 o'clock; curtain rises at half past 7.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 23,

will be performed

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

To be followed by

THE SIX DEGREES OF CRIME.

Julio Dormilly.....Mr. De Bar | Lucy.....Mrs. Booth

And other entertainments.

ON MONDAY will be produced, in most magnificent style,

Mme. Celeste's celebrated drama of

THE FRENCH SPY.

Henri St. Alme.....
Matilde de Merle.....Mrs. Wallack
The Wild Arab Boy.....

As originally played by her in New York for upwards of 60 consecutive nights.

Mohammed.....Mr. De Bar | Col. De Courcey.Mr. Morton
Tony.....Winans

To be followed by songs, dances, etc. After which will be produced for the first time, with all the original music. The principal characters by

MRS. WALLACK, MR. WALLACK, MR. DE BAR,
MRS. BOOTH, MR. BELLAMY, MR. BOOTH JR.
MISS PHILLIPS, etc.

The same pieces, with other entertainments—in which Mr. and Mrs. Wallack, Mr. Marshall, Mr. De Bar, Mr. and Mrs. Booth, and the whole strength of the company will appear—will be performed throughout the week.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.

This establishment is now being erected on the ground occupied by the late popular Bowery Theatre, and will be ready for theatrical performances by the 1st of August next. The subscriber will receive proposals for engagements from ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged talent. Letters to this effect must be post-paid, and directed to the subscriber, No. 50 Bowery.

A. W. JACKSON,
Manager and Proprietor.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.

TO THE NEW YORK PUBLIC.—The subscriber, having obtained from Thomas S. Hamblin, Esq., the lease for a number of years of the ground on which the old Bowery Theatre was situated, proposes to erect a spacious and elegant edifice, in every way superior in comfort and accommodation to the late Bowery Theatre, the building to be ready for theatrical performances by the 1st of August next. Arrangements have been made, and the work will commence immediately. An office will be opened at No. 50 Bowery, in the house of Mr. W. Mathews, for the sale of tickets, to be redeemed on the opening of the theatre. The partiality and strong feeling in favor of rebuilding the Old Bowery by its countless number of patrons is well known to the subscriber and duly appreciated. The ticket office will open this day, at once affording an opportunity to those who feel desirous of aiding the undertaking.

A. W. JACKSON,
Proprietor and Manager.

THERE'S SILVER IN YOUR HAIR, JESSIE.

TO CHARLES P. HARDING, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

BY C. EDWIN DUDLEY.

There's silver in your hair, Jessie,
One little shining thread;
But your face is still as fair, Jessie,
As when we first were wed.
The years seem very short, Jessie,
Since I wooed thee in the glen;
Though time its change has wrought, Jessie,
You're dearer now than then.
Chorus.—There's silver in your hair, Jessie,
One little shining thread;
But your face is just as fair, Jessie,
As when we first were wed.

There's silver in your hair, Jessie,
That binds me nearer thee;
Through years of toil and care, Jessie,
You've been so true to me.
Your cheeks may pale and fade, Jessie,
Your eyes may lose their glow,
But I'll ne'er forget the maid, Jessie,
I courted long ago.
Chorus.—There's silver in your hair, Jessie, etc.

The silver in your hair, Jessie,
Is a deeper day by day;
But the gold still lingers there, Jessie,
Blending with the gray.
Side by side together, Jessie,
Through the world we've strayed;
And so we shall forever, Jessie,
Till side by side we're laid.
Chorus.—There's silver in your hair, Jessie.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

One of the prominent features of town theatricals years ago were theatrical benefits. The public had been dosed with them *ad nauseam*. Actors greatly affected them, because on such occasions they could choose their own parts; take those of each other, however foreign to their powers; and, bent upon "making a hit" in a new line, too often make themselves extremely ridiculous. A writer for the magazines of that day, in the following programme of a complimentary benefit to a distinguished histrion, who, though last, is not least, has "touched the matter to a fine issue:" It is perhaps needless to explain that the bill here given is merely a burlesque on the benefit programmes of those days, and that there was really no such performance. The Park Theatre, the properties of which had been seized for non-payment of rent about the close of May, 1841, after the season of 1840-1 had closed, was not reopened until the following June 14.

THE GANN BENEFIT, PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK.

On Monday, the 4th of June, 1841, the above event will come off, which occasion the front of the theatre will be splendidly illuminated, exhibiting in the centre a transparency of the distinguished beneficiary.

The performances will commence with the tragedy of

HAMLET,

Hamlet by Mr. Gann, who will (by general desire) introduce the song of "Meeta."

Claudius.....Mrs. Chippendale | Laertes.....
Gravedigger,.....Miss C. Cushman | Ghost (for this night only),
Queen.....Mr. Nezen, who has kindly volunteed his valua- | Mrs. Sickney.
ble services, | of the Bowery and Chatham Theatres.

After which, an olio entertainment, consisting of songs, music, and recitations, namely:

The Soldier's Dream"—by Field Marshal Moonlight.
Recitation—"Alexander's Feast"—by Mr. Gann, accompanied on the pedal harp by Mr. Barry.
Grand concerto on the flute—by Mr. Kyle, with Horn accompaniment.
Mr. Isherwood, having returned from the most successful tour ever known at the South, will appear in Collins' "Ode on the Passions," in character; also in ground and lofty tumbling.
Give—by Messrs. Simpson, Andrews and Barry.
Recitation—"Nibbo's Garden, or the Expulsulsted Cyprian," W. Nibbo.

In the second act of "Hamlet," a large silver watch will be presented to the Ghost in character, from the stage-box, by Gen. Morris, clad in martial uniform, who will recite a short poetical address, written by himself for the occasion.

Mr. Shales, the eminent Boston tragedian, will rehearse the death-scene in Richard III, in which he was encored six times in one evening, in the principal theatre of his native city. The service of tin plate presented him by the citizens of Boston, covered with pale-green gauze, will be borne in during his terrific engagement with Richmond by Mr. Simpson.

The committee are rejoiced to be able to announce that they have succeeded in persuading the proprietor of the Chatham Theatre, in the most liberal manner, to intercede with the celebrated Master Diamond to dance the well-known "Pas Timbuctoolan," or "Jim-along-Josey," three times.

Mr. Isaac Edge, dramatic pyrotechnist of Jersey City, will appear in a tourbillion spiral, accompanied by a congreve rocket, with golden rain. During the shower, Mr. Povey will (by particular desire) dance the "Cachuca."

The entertainments to conclude with the poetical and musical pasticcio of "Jenny, Get Your Hoe-cake Done," by the whole company.

Doors open at six; performances to commence at seven o'clock, and close at two A. M. Tickets to be had of Mr. Gann at the door.

HER FACE IS A GARDEN OF FLOWERS.

To DAVID B. HALL, Esq.

BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL.

Her cheeks are as red as the roses,
Her eyes have a violet hue,
Her teeth they are whiter than lilies
That sparkle with crystals of dew;
Her lips they are tinted with ruby,
Her hair is of buttercup gold,
Her form is an object of beauty,
A Venus so perfect in mould.
Chorus.—Her cheeks are as red as the roses
That blossom in meadows and bowers,
Her teeth they are whiter than lilies,
Her face is a garden of flow'rs.

The blush of the pink on her forehead,
The bright yellow shade of her hair,
The soft velvet touch of her shoulders,
Are charms that are handsome and fair;
Her voice is as sweet as an angel's,
Her smile is a welcome to me,
Her glances are truly bewitching,
She's pretty as pretty can be.
Chorus.—Her cheeks are as red, etc.

She's up with the birds in the morning,
She's cheerful and happy all day,
She never lets anguish approach her,
But drives grief and sorrow away:
She is a delightful companion,
She makes the days shorter than hours;
Oh, she is a darling, a dewdrop,
Her face is a garden of flow'rs.
Chorus.—Her cheeks are as red, etc.

Providence, R. I.

DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS
In Boston, Mass., 1862.

J. H. Laine, the present agent of Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels, contributes the bill of which the appended is a copy. Frank Kent is the only performer in the bill who is a member of the company at the present time. J. E. Green is living in the West, performing occasionally. M. Ainsley Scott is in Australia. J. B. Donniker, Cool Burgess, W. H. Lewis (now known as W. Henry Rice), Signor Monteverde, Jimmy Clarke, and Charley Reynolds are before the public. Wally Thomas died in Lowell, Mass., May 29, 1864. J. F. Sullivan died in Boston, Mass., Aug. 20, 1866. John D. Newcombe is the agent died there Feb. 25, 1868. E. F. Keach, the acting-manager of the Museum, died in Charlestown, Mass., Feb. 1, 1864. Gustave Bidaux is in retirement. Chas. H. Duprez is the present manager of the company.

BOSTON MUSEUM.

For a short season of two weeks, commencing on
MONDAY EVENING, JULY 7, 1862.
Acting and Stage-manager.....Mr. E. F. KEACH.
GREATEST BILL EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.
The great mammoth
DOUBLE TROUPE OF MINSTRELS
are coming to Boston,
THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
TWENTY-FIVE BRILLIANT STARS OF ETHIOPIAN DELINEATIONS.
A BRASS BAND OF TWELVE PIECES, COMBINED.
All concentrated into one enormous company.
THE CHAMPION ORGANIZATION.
THE PEOPLES' MAMMOTH CONCERTS
by the largest, most extensive and complete band that has ever appeared in the country, excelling and far superior to all other troupes in existence.
GIGANTIC CONGRESS OF STARS,
introducing all the latest gems of Ethiopian Minstrelsy, by the world-renowned
UNEQUALED AND INCOMPARABLE
DUPREZ & GREEN'S
ORIGINAL NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE
AND BRASS BAND.
DETERMINED TO PLEASE AND AMUSE!
Manager and Business agent.....
C. H. Duprez | Stage-manager....J. E. Green
Musical Director.....A. Bovdi | Leader of Brass Band, J. F. Bowles
SIGNOR MONTEVERDE,
the celebrated Spanish India-rubber Man, has been engaged at an extraordinary expense, and will appear in some of his great and astonishing feats of contortion on each occasion. Signor Monteverde must be seen to be appreciated.
SEE THE GREAT LIST OF POPULAR TALENT OF THE BURNT-CORK INSTITUTION:
J. E. GREEN, tenor balladist, mocking-bird imitator and general burlesque actor.
M. AINSLEY SCOTT, the lion bass-singer and interrogator.
J. B. DONNIKER, violinist, tenor-horn and melophone.
J. F. BOWLES, alto singer and E-flat cornet-player.
GILBERT POND, clarionet and B-flat cornet-player.
MASTER LEWIS, unrivaled female impersonator.
F. S. SPRUNG, violoncellist and baritone singer.
WILLIAM WILLIS, the wizard and B-flat cornet-player.
COOL BURGESS, tamborinist and general comedian.
J. F. SULLIVAN, the celebrated balladist.
W. H. LEWIS, the sensation burlesque prima-donna.
WALLY THOMAS, the celebrated jig and clog-dancer.
THOMAS THORP, second violinist and bass-tuba player.
J. D. NEWCOMBE, bass singer and baritone-player.
D. WELSH, the favorite viola-player.
JOHN KELK, flutist, piccolo, and cornet-player.
CHARLEY REYNOLDS, Brudder Bones and comedian.
C. A. HOWE, violoncellist and alto-horn player.
GUSTAVE BIDAUX, the unrivaled popular tenor and balladist.
JIMMY CLARK, jig-dancer, banjoist and general performer.
GEORGE W. BAILEY, double instrumental, and baritone singer.
J. B. FRENCH, general performer and snare-drummer.
CHARLES H. DUPREZ, general business director.
GEORGE LAPOINT, the accomplished guitarist.
SIGNOR MONTEVERDE, the Spanish India-rubber man.

PROGRAMME—PART FIRST.

Grand Introductory Overture—arranged by C. A. Boyd expressly for the New Orleans and Metropolitan Opera Troupe.
Operatic Chorus—"The Tempest,"
Duprez & Green's Minstrels.
Song—"Good Old Friends".....M. Ainsley Scott
Comic Ditty—"His Marina".....Charley Reynolds
Ballad—"Sweet Love, Good-night to Thee".....J. F. Sullivan
Comic Song—"The Gipsy Davy".....Cool Burgess
Ballad—"Under the Willow She's Sleeping".....J. E. Green
"Cottage by the Sea".....Gustave Bidaux
"The Sweep's Refrain".....F. S. Sprung
"The Fireman's Song"—with scenic effects (original with this Troupe).....Company

PART SECOND.

FANCY DANCE.....Master Kent
COMIC BANJO-SOLO.....Jimmy Clark
BALLAD, selected.....J. F. Sullivan
THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.....Thomas and Newcombe
THE WONDERFUL MOCKING-BIRD SONG, with imitations.....J. E. Green
LA MARSEILLAISE.....Gustave Bidaux
SCENES FROM MACBETH AND RICHARD THREE TIMES.....Burgess, Sprung and Mast. Kent
SOLO ON THAT WONDERFUL INSTRUMENT, THE MELOPHONE.....J. B. Donniker
CLASSIC JIG, by the Champion.....Jimmy Clark
ONE SINGLE SOUTHERN CONTRABAND, or a perfect cure.....Cool Burgess
EXTRAORDINARY FEATS OF CONTORTION,
By Sig'r Monteverde, the celebrated Spanish India-rubber man.

The whole to conclude with the Darkies' Festival, introducing the new song-and-dance entitled

DON CESAR DE BAZAN

by the entire strength of the company.

GRAND MATINEES Wednesday and Saturday afternoons expressly for families and children. Doors open at 1½. To commence at 3 o'clock.

A new song book, containing all the latest choruses, new ballads, duets and songs of Duprez & Green's Minstrels, will be for sale at the Museum each evening. Price only 6 cents.

Programme varied each evening. Grand serenade in front of the Museum each evening by the New Orleans and Metropolitan Brass Band.

Admission, 25 cents; reserved seats, 50 cents; children under 12 years, 15 cents.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance commences at 8¼ o'clock.

J. H. LAINE, Agent.
J. D. NEWCOMBE, Advertising Agent.

CHINESE LABOR.

BANJO-SOLO, DEDICATED TO MY OLD FRIEND CHARLES HARRIS,

BY BARRY BLACKBURN.

Now, white folks, all give me your attention,
And listen closely to my rhyme,
And unto you some facts I'll mention
If you'll only give me time:
The Pigtailed Heathen from across the water
Is encroaching on our liberties,
And hoards the wealth he makes by washing,
Or sends it home across the seas.

He has a walk like a double shuffle,
Wears a pigtail three yards long;
He has a smile like a crossed cut turtle,
And his name is either Sam, Lee, or John;
He wears his shirt outside his breeches,
And canal-boat shoes upon his feet,
He's generally in the laundry business
In some cellar on a back street.

Now, my friends, this smiling heathen
Is no fool, as you quite understand;
From washing shirts to playing euchre
You must acknowledge he's an A 1 hand;
His diet's rats and puppy dogs,
And black-rat soup a la Chinee,
Birds' nests, rice and other trash,
And never uses milk in tea.

John keeps coming as thick as ever
From the Flowery Kingdom across the sea,
We'll have to move to some other country,
Either Alaska, Black Hills, or New Guinea,
Or put a stop to this invasion
Of the yellow chap from the land of tea;
For, to use the words of Colonel Sellers,
There's "millions in it" of Chinee.

JAMES R. AND WILLIAM ROWE & CO.'S MENAGERIE IN 1834.

Mr. E. G. Austin of New Haven, Ct., sends us an advertisement of the above-named show, cut from *The New Haven Morning Register* of May 2, 1834. This was before the days of "gorgeous golden chariots," and it will be seen that the band rode in an omnibus.

UNEQUALED IN THE EASTERN STATES.

JAMES R. AND WM. ROWE & CO.'S NEW YORK MENAGERIE OF RARE BEASTS AND BIRDS,

occupying 18 spacious wagons, in which are conveyed a great variety of rare specimens of natural history never before in the Eastern States. The cavalcade consists of

FORTY-FIVE SPLENDID GRAY HORSES,

and requires the aid of upwards of thirty to complete its operations.

The animals to be arranged in two extensive pavilions, adequate to contain 3,000 persons, all at the same time, with SEATS constructed expressly for ladies and children.

The proprietors have at a very great expense procured a splendid OMNIBUS for the accommodation of their superior MILITARY BAND OF MUSIC,

who are not surpassed by any other in America. They cannot fail of eliciting a general support and rendering universal satisfaction.

This extensive menagerie will be exhibited at the corner of Church and Wall streets, in New Haven, on Monday and Tuesday, the 19th and 20th days of May. Open on Monday from 1 till 5 P. M. On Tuesday from 10 till half-past 12, and from half-past 1 till 4. Admittance only 25 cents.

For description of animals see handbills.

YOUR LAST OF "TEENS."

DEDICATED TO MISS LILLY HARRETT,

BY A SINCERE FRIEND.

One more of our years has passed, Lillie,
Another year has begun;
And it makes our hearts beat fast, Lillie,
For the race of the old year run;
And we think of the days that are past, Lillie,
And they speak to us one by one,
Oh, how much of sorrow we've caused, Lillie,
How little of duty we've done.

They tell of bright hopes we have nursed, Lillie,
Of "castles we've built in the air;"
Of many an hour we've sat, Lillie,
And wondered that earth was so fair.
The hopes we have cherished have fled, Lillie,
Disappointment has left us to mourn;
The pleasure long hoped for, we never have felt,
Wished for joys we never have known.

JOINT BENEFIT of Grimaldi and Belogna in 1807.

J. H. R. of Boston, Mass., contributes an announcement of a joint benefit given to the celebrated pantomimic clown Grimaldi, and the equally distinguished harlequin Belogna. Upon this occasion the receipts were £679 18s. (over $3,000).

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE, LONDON, JUNE 9, 1807.

JOINT BENEFIT OF GRIMALDI AND BELOGNA.

Will be performed, Macklin's

MAN OF THE WORLD.

Sir Pertinax.....Mr. Cooke

To be followed by the new comic ballet entitled

POOR JACK.

Poor Jack.....M. Belogna Jr

Dibden's song of "The County Club" will be sung by Joe Grimaldi, and the evening's entertainments will conclude with, for the eighty-eighth time,

MOTHER GOOSE.

Clown.....Joe Grimaldi | Harlequin.....M. Belogna

BASEBALL.

MUTUAL vs. BOSTON.

Satisfaction for their defeat two days previously was obtained by the Mutuals on Monday afternoon, May 8, when they administered a pretty severe drubbing to the Bostons on the latter's grounds. Doubtless this result was due not a little to the presence of the Mates' regular catcher, Hicks, who had gone to the Hub in response to a telegram sent after the game on the 6th. Though still suffering from lameness, he played exceedingly well, and his appearance in his usual place naturally inspired a greater degree of confidence. The weather was damp and chilly, but, despite this, there were nearly one thousand people present. Barring one given the Mutuals in the first inning by a bad error on the part of Wright, there was no run-getting until the fifth inning, when the visitors made three safe hits off Borden, and, with the assistance of errors by Wright and Murnan, were enabled to score four. This closed the count on their side; but their antagonists could not draw anything but blanks until the ninth inning was nearly at an end, and a clean score of ciphers stared them in the face, two men being out, when Wright hit safe, bringing Borden home, greatly to the relief of the nine and their friends. The Mutuals' fielding was perfection, and their batting good; while on the Boston side the only error other than those above mentioned was Mc'Mahon's muffing of a fair fly that was easy to take. Murnan made a splendid running, one-handed catch on a foul bound. Their batting was very weak.

MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Holdsworth, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0	G. Wright, s. s.	0	1	2	3	2
Start, 1st b.	0	1	6	0	1	Leonard, 2d b.	0	1	3	2	0
Treacy, l. f.	2	3	2	0	0	O'Rourke, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Hallinan, s. s.	1	2	4	1	1	Murnan, 1st b.	0	1	11	0	0
Craver, 2d b.	0	0	3	1	1	Schafer, 3d b.	0	1	2	1	0
Hicks, c.	0	0	7	3	2	McGinley, c. f.	0	0	2	0	1
Booth, r. f.	0	0	3	1	0	Manning, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Mathews, p.	0	0	2	0	1	Morrill, c.	0	0	1	0	0
Nichols, 3d b.	1	0	1	0	0	Borden, p.	1	0	1	3	1
Totals	5	8	27	6	5	Totals	1	5	27	9	6
Mutual	1	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0—5
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Runs earned—Boston, 1. First base on errors—Mutual, 4; Boston, 3. Umpire—Mr. Daniels of Hartford. Time, 2h.

MUTUAL vs. ATHLETIC.

The Athletic Club arrived in Brooklyn, N. Y., on May 11, en route to Boston, on their first Eastern tour. Then and there they met the Mutuals for the fourth time this season, and after a close contest the Blues left town with the trophy, won by a score of 6 to 5, their superior fielding giving them the game. Batting, on occasion, so far as the locality of the contest was concerned, was the clearing-away of the outside crowd, the young roughs and vagabonds that congregated having made the place quite a nuisance to the neighborhood, their language in commenting on the play inside at times being of the foulest description. The Mutuals were not in good fielding form, apparently, and, though the Athletics were not able to play their full strength, owing to Sutton having to play out of position, as also Fisler and Meyerle, still they did well enough to lead the scores of their opponents, nor rather to prevent the latter from leading their own score—for that is what they actually did—the game being marked by more effective fielding on the Athletic side than on that of the Mutuals. The game opened with the Athletics at the bat, and by a poor throw of Nichols to first they escaped a whitewash. Meyerle's base-hit telling on Eggler's unearned run. In the third inning a poor throw by Hicks to second led to a run being scored on two single base-hits. On the Mutual side, blanks were the order, though the sharp fielding of Fowser, Fisler, Coons, Meyerle and Knight in their positions, Fisler making a fine catch of Hallinan's so-called splendid hit to right field. In the fourth inning the Mutuals began scoring, through errors by Knight and a dropped fly-ball by Hall—who tried to make a hit-fly—that he could throw home by the one movement—a passed ball and Hicks' base-hit, as well as good hits previously by Craver—who made a cricket leg-hit of a ground ball—and Start. In the fifth inning, too, the Mutuals scored, but this time by good batting, Nichols, Craver and Start's base-hits sending in an earned run. In the interim the Athletics had been well disposed of for blanks, a double-play on a fine line-ball catch by Start being noteworthy. This left the score 4 to 2 in favor of the Mutuals at the close of the fifth inning, and their backers became quite confident of a victory. In the sixth inning, after Force had retired first striker on the Athletic side, Eggler had a life given him by Hallinan, and being assisted to third by Hicks' poor throw to Craver, Fisler's base-hit gave a run. Meyerle then hit to Treacy, who dropped an important ball; and, as Sutton and Coons followed with base-hits to short field, two more runs were scored, thereby giving the Athletics the lead by 6 to 4. After this one side added a single to their scores, the Athletics through errors by Nichols, and the Mutuals by Sutton's dropped fly and an error by Meyerle, the last inning leaving the victory in the hands of the Athletics by 6 to 5. The game was well umpired by Mr. Bloss.

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	MUTUAL.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Force, s. s.	4	1	1	3	3	0	Craver, 2d b.	5	1	2	4	1	0
Eggler, c. f.	4	1	2	2	0	1	Start, 1st b.	5	0	1	11	0	0
Fisler, r. f.	4	1	1	2	0	0	Treacy, l. f.	4	1	0	3	0	1
Meyerle, 3d b.	4	1	2	4	1	1	Hallinan, s. s.	4	1	0	4	1	1
Sutton, 1st b.	4	1	2	4	1	1	Nichols, c. f.	4	2	1	1	0	0
Coons, c.	4	0	2	3	0	1	Hicks, c.	5	0	2	5	3	4
Hall, l. f.	5	0	1	3	1	1	Booth, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Fowser, 2d b.	5	0	1	3	1	0	Mathews, p.	4	0	1	2	2	0
Knight, p.	3	0	0	2	0	2	Nichols, 3d b.	4	1	2	4	4	3
Totals	37	6	10	27	7	6	Totals	38	5	11	27	15	9
Athletic	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0—6
Mutual	1	0	0	0	3	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0—5

First base by errors—Athletic, 5; Mutual, 4. Runs earned—Athletic, 0; Mutual, 1. Balls called—on Mathews, 9; on Knight, 13. Strikes called—from Mathews, 15; from Knight, 15. Fouls called—from Mathews, 23; from Knight, 18. Umpire, Mr. Blodgett of the Arlington Club. Time, 2h.

CINCINNATI vs. LOUISVILLE.

The score of the game played by the above clubs at Cincinnati, O., May 4, a report of which failed to reach us in season for our past issue, is herewith presented. It will be observed that the Reds pulled it off with a single run, though, had it not been for a muff of an easy fly in the fourth inning, they might have ciphered their opponents right along to the end of the chapter. Snyder was hard-hit on the cheekbone by a foul tip, Blake blew bringing blood from nose and mouth, but he kept at his work pluckily.

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Kessler, s. s.	4	1	1	1	3	0	Hastings, c. f.	5	0	1	2	0	0
Booth, 3d b.	4	1	2	2	0	1	Snyder, c.	5	0	0	11	2	1
Gould, 1st b.	5	0	0	4	0	0	Devlin, p.	4	0	1	1	2	0
Clack, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Hagan, 3d b.	4	0	1	2	2	1
Jones, c. f.	4	0	1	3	0	0	Gerhardt, 1b.	4	0	1	9	0	2
Snyder, l. f.	4	0	2	8	0	1	Bechtel, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Fields, 2d b.	4	0	1	2	3	1	Fulmer, s. s.	4	0	0	3	4	0
Pearson, c.	3	0	0	2	2	2	Somerville, 2b	4	1	1	3	3	0
Fisher, p.	3	0	2	0	1	1	Ryan, l. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Totals	35	3	7	27	6	7	Totals	48	2	8	27	8	5
Louisville	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0—2
Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

First base on errors—Louisville, 1; Cincinnati, 2. Run earned—Louisville, 0; Cincinnati, 1. First base on called balls—Louisville, 1; Cincinnati, 1. Umpire, Mike Walsh of Louisville. Time, 2h.

CHICAGO vs. CINCINNATI.

Last week the red-stockinged players of the Queen City showed up in Chicago, Ill., and were there compelled to submit to their third and fourth successive defeat at the hands of the strong nine who sport the hose of white, and who are carrying all before them in the West. The first game in which they appeared in Chicago was played May 10, and was witnessed by some five thousand spectators, who sat the close united in shouting the praises of their pets. As before, Spalding's pitching was too puzzling for the good batters of the visiting team, who made but three safe hits during the game. The Chicagos fielded magnificently, the only error being a miss by McVey of a low whizzer. A feature was the fine play shown throughout by Anson at third, and especially his stop and throw of a fairly-hot liner. Clack's bat in the second inning, too, was a sight to see. Barnes distinguished himself in like manner during the fifth inning, and Hines deserves mention for his excellent work at centre-field. The Cincinnatis were guilty of a number of errors, and did not play as well as upon former occasions. The batting prize to commencing was three to one in favor of the Whites. The score:

CHICAGO.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	CINCINNATI.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Barnes, 2d b.	1	1	3	0	1	Kessler, s. s.	0	0	1	2	0
Anson, 3d b.	1	1	3	0	0	Booth, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	0
McVey, 1st b.	1	0	9	1	0	Clack, r. f.	0	0	0	4	2
Hines, c. f.	1	1	2	0	0	Gould, 1st b.	0	0	11	0	0
Spalding, p.	0	0	0	1	0	Jones, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Addy, r. f.	0	0	2	0	0	Snyder, l. f.	0	0	4	2	1
White, c.	0	1	5	3	0	Sweasey, 2d b.	0	0	1	3	0
Peters, s. s.	1	1	1	2	0	Foley, c.	0	0	1	2	0
Glenn, l. f.	0	1	2	0	0	Fisher, p.	0	0	0	2	3
Totals	9	11	27	9	5	Totals	0	0	27	15	5
Chicago	0	2

THEATRICAL RECORD,

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending P. M., MONDAY, May 15.

LADIES LIST.

Adriana, Cora
Adams, Lucille
Atkinson, Maude
Bailey, Ella
Bland, Edith
Burke, Nellie M.
Boyd, Little Nellie
Bardsley, Mrs. Fannie
Bridges, Winona
Brown, Mrs. C. M.
Brennan, Mrs. Ena
Belmont, Lutina
Clifton, Idela
Crabtree, "Lotta"
Cushman, Cora
Debonnair, Mrs. Jennette
Dean, Allie
D'Erina, Katie
Drayton, Annie
Davenport, Fannie (vocalist)
Dwight, Lida (of "Wild Bill" Co.)
Elmore, Annie
Engle, Jennie
Ellis, Hattie
Ellis, Maude
Esmond, Ella
Eytinge, Mrs. H. S.
Francis, Sadie
Fisher, Mrs. Fred.
Fay Sisters
Frost, Fannie
Fox, Annie (p. o. m. Chicago)
Franklin, Mae
Gilbert, Belle (of Kirally's Co.)
Howard, Mrs. Geo.
Haslam, Hulda
Hodges, Mrs. J. A.
Herrmann, Mrs. Addie
Heslep, Grace
Joe, Mrs. Harry
Kellogg, Clara Louise
Leach, Gussie (2)
Lindsey, Jennie
Lee, Pauline
Le Clair, Mattie
Laurent, Edna
"Little Casino" Lockwood, Mrs. Celia
Lee, Amanda
Lander, Mrs. Genl. F. W.
Lee, Minnie
Lillian, Lena
"Lotta"
Loder, Minnie (2)
Lindlie, Fannie
Lillian, Grace 3c.
Monzert, Mrs. Fannie (2)
Matthews, Helen(2)
Mitchell, Maggie
McKean, Gabriella (2)
Morgan, Etta
May, Fannie 4c.
Marky, Lizzie
Malvern, Tillie
Nash, Helen
Nixon, Adelaide
Narcross, Hallie
Neilson, Miss 3c.
Niblo, Mrs. Y.
O'Loughlen, Kate (with McGill&Str.)
Owens, Mrs. (care of Jas. Owens)
Otto, Mrs. Bobardine
Peck, Nellie
Phillips, Adelaide
Pike, "Dollie"
Rodga, Emily
Rowell, Kittie
Renard, Zella
Robinson, Miss I. (of Robinson Family)
Ruperte, Florence
Sherwood, Alice 6c
Sutherland, Agnes
St. Felix, Mad.
Siegrist, Addie (2)
Swinburne, Marie (2)
Sarony, Nellie
Sheldon, Ella
Saurel, Jad.
Stanley, Maude
Schott, Angelique
Siddons, Ida
Turnour, Hepsey
Turner, Frankie
Thompson, Charlotte
Turnour, Jennie
Turner, Mrs. "Dollie"
Venus & Adonis
Vernon, Ida
Vernon, Mattie
Vincent, Florence
Worrell Sisters
Wurm, Marie
Waldro, Lizzie
Wood, Fannie
Worrell, Sophie
Walters, Clara (2)
Walton, Emma
Wilson, Mollie
Whitney, Emma
Washburn, Lillian
Wood, Rose 8c.
Woods, Carrie
Warner, Florence (of Kenit's Minn.)
Watson, Bertha
Whitman, Mrs. D.
Wren, Martha
Weston, Miss (of Weston Sisters)
Woodhull, Mrs. Victoria
Yearance, Ida M.
Zoerner, Anna (2)

GENTLEMAN'S LIST.

Aldea, Genl. D. A.
Almonte, G. D.
Allen & Earle
Aiken, Frank H.
Andrus, Prof. (magician)
Alfyne, E. T. J.
Andre, E. A. 6c.
Austin, Chas.
Allen, D. R. (2) 6c.
Allen, Jos. E.
Angel, A. J.
Austin, Chas. and Carrie
Ale, (gymnast)
Archer, Chas. (pianist)
Aiken, Saxye, E. E.
Barlow, Milton. G.
Bartholomew, Haverly's Minst.)
Bush, I. T.
Byron, Valentine
Beaham, Frank
Benedict, "Lew"
Beverly, C. S.
Berger, Fred. G.
Benoit, O.
Bintour, S. W.
Belos, Enrico
Bullard, H.
Benedict, J. C.
Blanchard, Chas. A.
Bendina, Chas.
Bowen, W. O.
Blake, W. (comed.)
Byas, Edward
Brennan, Harry R.
Brooks, Rillis jr.
Bellmont, Lucenole
Byron, O. Doud
Brennan, Alf. (correspondent)
Bleicker, Sylvester (2)
Bent, W. H. 5c.
Bailey, Jas.
Boyd, Jas. (of Belfast, Ireland)
Bushnell & Castello (comed., etc.)
Barnes, Edwin F.
Bartley, J. Harry
Brooks, E. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Byron, Fred.
Byrnes, Mr. H. S.
Francis, Sadie
Fisher, Mrs. Fred.
Fay Sisters
Frost, Fannie
Fox, Annie (p. o. m. Chicago)
Franklin, Mae
Gilbert, Belle (of Kirally's Co.)
Howard, Mrs. Geo.
Haslam, Hulda
Hodges, Mrs. J. A.
Herrmann, Mrs. Addie
Heslep, Grace
Joe, Mrs. Harry
Gray, H. (of Helen D'Este's Co.)
Grayburn, Richd.
Grasqui, H. B.
Gardner, Mr. (with "Can-Can" Co.)
Griffin, Master (of Adelphi, Chicago)
Hearne, J. (with Washburn's Co.)
Hayward, C. (of Heywood Bros.)
Hedges, Thos.
Holcombe, Chas. J.
Harrington & McGloin 6c.
Harcourt, G. B.
Hudson, Harry B.
Hernandez, Arthur
Hanchett, J.
Hamilton, Wiley
Hall, Frank A.
Hubner, F. C. (2)
Hanley, M. J.
Holsey, W. (of Hooley & Thompson)
Howard, Rollin
Herbert, Eugene
Herrmann, Prof. (magician)
Harwood, F. E.
Hurlo & Marr
Homan, G. W.
Hill, C. A.
Howell, J. R.
Huston, Ed.
Howard, Chas. (Minst. "biz")
Holman, Harry
Heinrich, F. (with Dup. & Bened.)
Hodges, D. B. (agent; 3)
Hutchinson, Jas. L.
Hamilton, Theo.
Hall, W. H.
Hill, Jno. W.
Heather, H. J.
Hager, Chas. H.
Hart, J. O.
Harris, G. (of Georgia Minst.)
Hall, Jas.
Jukes, W. L.
Jerome & Cameron
Kelly, J. (with Chas. Andrea)
Kunkel, Geo.
Kane, Jesse
Kirwan, R. (musician)
Kennedy, H. (ventriloquist)
Kearney & Moran
King, Chas. (p.o.m. St. Paul, Minn.)
"King Saphead"
Kennedy, Harry
Kent, Ed. W. (musician)
Kough, Thos. (cornetist)
Kent, Frank
Kidder, A. E.
Kent, Julien
King, R. H.
Levis, Jay
Lawrence, John
Lennox, G. H. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Lord, Prof. (of Murray's Cir.)
Laine, J. H. (with Dup. & Bened.)
Lawlor, Lane
Luby, Chas. (Dutch "biz")
Lee, J. H. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Lee, Gus.
Laup, Eugene
Lennon, John
Lawrens, W. B.
Leanberg, Max
Longmire, Michael
Livingston, F. (of Sell's Cir.)
Lewis, H. (of Agnes Wallace's Co.)
Lindley, Harry (comed.)
"Little Casino" Co.
Loewe, Henry
Lamont, J. W.
Lannier, Wm. H.
Lavigne, Jules (of Luny's Varieties)
Levy, Mr. (cornetist)
Lee, J. H. (of Adams & Lee)
Leathwood, Frank
Lewis, Warren
Lerrick, Milner
Lacom, R. (of Park Thea., Brooklyn)
Lee, Prof. C. W.
Levantine, F. F.
Liron, N.
Mortimer, Jno. K.
Morris, Miles
Morris, Frank (of Inverside Cir.)
Meilon, Jas.
Mackey, Ed. (banjoist)
Maas, Jas.
Mayo, Frank
Murphy, Con. T.
Murphy, Jake (of Adelphi, Albany)
McDonald, Geo. (stage-manager)
Macky, Jas. (song-and-dance)
Mosaroo, T. (gymnast)
Martin, Prof. C. A.
Morse, W. E.
McCormick, John
Miller, Jos. (candy "biz")
Martells, "Lew"
Morton, Chas. (of England)
Maryon, Theophilus (2)
Murphy, Patrick
Mack, J. (of Worden & Mack)
Mack, T. (of International Cir.)
McCleoud, R. D.
Miller, Jos. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Melling, H.
Martinetti, Paul
Morton, G. (of Varieties, N. Orleans)
Montague, Harry
Moulton, Harry
MacEvoy, Chas.
Melville, W. T.
Nash, D. (of Howe's Circus)
Nunn, C. A.
Newcombe, Robt.
Norton, F. H.
Owen, Jno. Wood-land
Osborn, Prof. (magician)
Ayne, E. T. J.
Andre, E. A. 6c.
Austin, Chas.
Allen, D. R. (2) 6c.
Allen, Jos. E.
Angel, A. J.
Austin, Chas. and Carrie
Ale, (gymnast)
Archer, Chas. (pianist)
Alzia, Saxye, E. E.
Barlow, Milton. G.
Boyd, Little Nellie
Bardsley, Mrs. Fannie
Bridges, Winona
Brown, Mrs. C. M.
Brennan, Mrs. Ena
Belmont, Lutina
Clifton, Idela
Crabtree, "Lotta"
Cushman, Cora
Debonnair, Mrs. Jennette
Dean, Allie
D'Erina, Katie
Drayton, Annie
Davenport, Fannie (vocalist)
Dwight, Lida (of "Wild Bill" Co.)
Elmore, Annie
Engle, Jennie
Ellis, Hattie
Ellis, Maude
Esmond, Ella
Eytinge, Mrs. H. S.
Francis, Sadie
Fisher, Mrs. Fred.
Fay Sisters
Frost, Fannie
Fox, Annie (p. o. m. Chicago)
Franklin, Mae
Gilbert, Belle (of Kirally's Co.)
Howard, Mrs. Geo.
Haslam, Hulda
Hodges, Mrs. J. A.
Herrmann, Mrs. Addie
Heslep, Grace
Joe, Mrs. Harry
Kellogg, Clara Louise
Leach, Gussie (2)
Lindsey, Jennie
Lee, Pauline
Le Clair, Mattie
Laurent, Edna
"Little Casino" Lockwood, Mrs. Celia
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Lander, Mrs. Genl. F. W.
Lee, Minnie
Lillian, Lena
"Lotta"
Loder, Minnie (2)
Lindlie, Fannie
Lillian, Grace 3c.
Monzert, Mrs. Fannie (2)
Matthews, Helen(2)
Mitchell, Maggie
McKean, Gabriella (2)
Morgan, Etta
May, Fannie 4c.
Marky, Lizzie
Malvern, Tillie
Nash, Helen
Nixon, Adelaide
Narcross, Hallie
Neilson, Miss 3c.
Niblo, Mrs. Y.
O'Loughlen, Kate (with McGill&Str.)
Owens, Mrs. (care of Jas. Owens)
Otto, Mrs. Bobardine
Peck, Nellie
Phillips, Adelaide
Pike, "Dollie"
Rodga, Emily
Rowell, Kittie
Renard, Zella
Robinson, Miss I. (of Robinson Family)
Ruperte, Florence
Sherwood, Alice 6c
Sutherland, Agnes
St. Felix, Mad.
Siegrist, Addie (2)
Swinburne, Marie (2)
Sarony, Nellie
Sheldon, Ella
Saurel, Jad.
Stanley, Maude
Schott, Angelique
Siddons, Ida
Turnour, Hepsey
Turner, Frankie
Thompson, Charlotte
Turnour, Jennie
Turner, Mrs. "Dollie"
Venus & Adonis
Vernon, Ida
Vernon, Mattie
Vincent, Florence
Worrell Sisters
Wurm, Marie
Waldro, Lizzie
Wood, Fannie
Worrell, Sophie
Walters, Clara (2)
Walton, Emma
Wilson, Mollie
Whitney, Emma
Washburn, Lillian
Wood, Rose 8c.
Woods, Carrie
Warner, Florence (of Kenit's Minst.)
Watson, Bertha
Whitman, Mrs. D.
Wren, Martha
Weston, Miss (of Weston Sisters)
Woodhull, Mrs. Victoria
Yearance, Ida M.
Zoerner, Anna (2)
Olney, Geo.
Osborn, D. (of "Zig-Zag" Co.)
Odell, Wm. (circus "biz")
Operti, Sig. G.
O'Neil, Barry
Ober, Geo. A.
O'Reardon, Prof. M.
Palmer, D. (of Tom Thumb's Co.)
Porter, B. C.
Perry, H.
Pryor, Thomas.
Perry, Mr. (of Globe Theatre)
Phillips, Geo. S.
Potter, Benj. (with D. Castello)
Pease, Harry
Priest, Frank M.
Phillips, Granville
Phillips, Saml. E.
Pixley, Jno. H.
Phelps, Geo. M.
Price, Banks
Rickaby, John
Romer, John
Rand, Wm.
Robinson, H. (of Robin. Minst.) (2)
Ryan, J. (of Fitzgerald & Ryan)
Roe, Harry W.
Rooney, Patrick
Rhodes, Alex.
Robbins, Burr.
Riley, Wm. (p. o. m. San Francisco)
Rochester, Wm. (late of Fox's Scranton.)
Raynor, Wm. G.
Ragsdale, Jno.
Robinson, F. P.
Robinson, "Pot" (with Peak Fam.)
Rivers, Jas. H.
Raden, M. 3c.
Randall, Wm. (musician)
Ready, Martin J.
Rogers, Loraine
Regan, Thos. (of Wallack Com. Co.)
Riley, Prof. Wm.
Romer & Elles
Ryan, Edwd.
Raymond, Jno. T.
Rouse, W.
Sheridan & Mack
Schofield, F.
Stanwood, Harry
Strong, Rudolph H.
Shaw, Dan.
Skinner, Laurne, C.
Straight, "Ned"
Sexton, W.
Smith, Sidney (comed.)
Speigle, Harry (sideshow "biz")
Sheiden, Harry (Juggler)
Stuttz, J. G.
Shay, Chas.
Sweet, Step. H. (2)
Slavin, J. H.
Smith & Fox
Siegrist Boys
Smith, E. P. (with Callender's Minss.)
Slosson, Wm. H.
Swan, Wallie
Sarsfield, Stephen
Skelp, Pedro L.
Sullivan & Adams
Snell, Jno. (of Robbin's Cir.) (2)
Sheldon, Harry
Sanford, Mr. (late Courtney & S.) 14c.
Sullivan, Danl. (of Killeah)
Streland, W. T.
Simmons, E. (of Howe's Cir.)
Spence, J. W.
Strakosch, Max.
Sage, W. F.
Shirley, A. J.
Stowe, A. B.
Schoefel, J. B. (agent)
Smith, W. G. (with Townsend Family)
Smith, D. H. (with Dup. & Bened.)
Sanford, S. (gymnast)
Frem, Henry C.
Thompson, Danl. F. 6c.
Thayer, J. H.
Tilla, W. H.
Tildon, Luke
Thompson, Danl. (song-and-dance)
Tucker, Delarge
Trusler, Fred.
Turner, Geo. Lee
Taylor, Prof. (late of Indianapolis)
Thielman, Chas.
Tarbure, C. W.
Theodore, Chas.
Varney, Thad. F.
Vogler, Otto
Waide, D. M.
Washburn, E. S. (2)
Wood & West
Watson, Sam. (equestrian)
Waverly, Chas.
Whitmore, Walter
Williams, J. "Lancashire Lad") (2)
Wise, Frank D.
Wagner, "Cal"
White, W. (of Varieties, Decatur)
Weaver, Richd.
Wild, John
Warren, W. S.
Welling, J. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Wires, Rodney S.
Webber, H. Price
Wachtel, Bern.
Willis, Oscar
Wesley, Everett
Miller, Jos. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Williams, L. Percy
Worden, J. (of Worden & Mack)
Warren, Gus. (Dutch "biz")
Wyman, Geo. (of Wayman's Co.)
Welling, Albert
William, Jugins, S. W.
Walling, David
Wilkinson, W. H.
Wyman, Alf.
Warner, J. E.
Wingfield, John
Zetzl, G. W.

THREE WEEK LETTERS in the Peoria (Ill.) Post-office on May 13, for the Abbey Dramatic Co., and C. W. Couldock.

Gen. Thumb, of Guildford's Royal Gem Co., will show "biz;" Mrs. Henri Drayton; M. Cole, of Cole's Circus; Henry Robinson, of Robinson's Minstrels; R. J. Hollis, and R. B. Dingess are notified of letters awaiting their orders in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, May 15, '76.

First Monday after Centennial opening, and hundredth year of our Independence; and as we calmly sit down to the pleasant task of holding sweet converse with our readers, our heart goes out to Barnum, and the full measure of our sympathies is given to the great showman. And why? Why this meed of condolence? Why the shedding of the pearly tear at a time when the nation is filled with joy, and the precious congratulations of the civilized world are being borne to us from the uttermost parts of this planetary sphere?" It is because Barnum, the prince of showmen, has had no hand in the gigantic exposition. As we beheld the vast concourse assembled in the great "concourse," awaiting the opening of the gates that lead to the raree show, we felt that there was a want somewhere; that, immense as that exhibition is, there was yet a vacuum that needed the master mind of Barnum to fill the void, and carry the whole thing through triumphantly. But our distress was still greater as we witnessed the opening of the gates, and saw the thousands passing in, each person leaving a fifty-cent stamp with the man at the wheel; it was then, we repeat, that the cup of our sorrow was full to the brim; for we bought what a beautiful snap this would be for a circus! what a grand "annex" fifty thousand dollars a day would be to the money-box of the average concatenation of living curiosities and horse-gymnastics! Fifty thousand dollars a day going into the purse of a show with which no showman has anything to do! Just think of it! It was this that mingled sadness with our gladness, and made us sigh for the days that have faded, and pine for one glimpse of the legitimate showman! What do we think of the show? Well, it is a big thing, to begin with, and makes a fine display in its unfinished condition. It will take two or three weeks more to round the corners, fill up the bare places, smooth off the rough spots, and harmonise all the conflicting interests of this mammoth exhibition. The day was a mixture of sunshine and shadow and clouds and rain, at intermittent periods, the rain holding up from nine until four o'clock, thus enabling the Commissioners to carry out the programme y holding the ceremonies in the open air. The musical portion of the outdoor exercises cannot be pronounced a *decided* success. No; one point to the bad must be scored against this feature. And why? Because, vast as were the voices and the orchestral accompaniments, the grounds were vaster, and the former became swallowed up, lost almost in the immensity of the latter. Wagner's grand march, "written expressly for the occasion," at a cost of five thousand dollars and as much more as . . . Wagner can get, was not *loud* enough; the fiddles and bassoons and German flutes making no more impression on the ambient air than so many obdurate jew's-harps and unecongenial guitars would have made. This is figuratively true. In the main building, with the big organ to help swell the bold anthem, some idea might have been had as to Wagner's intentions; but out there! A mammoth brass band would have told the story, and the five-thousand-dollar march would have gone off with eclat. Whittney of Boston, single-handed, brought forth a whirlwind of applause as his deep, powerful, splendid voice rang out the solo of the Centennial Cantata; so great was the applause, indeed, that he had to repeat the solo; and to him we might well say, in the concluding line of his solo, for this

"Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow."

President Grant had his little say, and he acquitted himself creditably; and the various officers of the Centennial Commission performed their allotted parts with vim and eclat. But there was no comic element to relieve the predominating solid and sombre character of the bill. A good national comic song would have made 'em wild, and a band of minstrels would have "sent everybody home in the best of humor." There was no balloon-ascension, no walking the wire from the grand concourse to the highest point of the main building, no sideshows of any kind; and there is where the inaugural ceremonies were bereft of that variety which is said to be the spice of life. What is the effect on the amusements of the city? Well, it is scarcely proper to judge when the exhibition has only been open a few days; but, on the evening of the 10th, the evening we were there, but few of the people were in the streets, viewing the illuminations and house-decorations; there was a little better showing-up on the next night, and the close of the week witnessed a fair attendance. When the exhibition is fairly under way, and the necessary publicity is given to the many entertainments that will make Centennial visitors, the hearts of managers may be made to pulsate with joy; otherwise—well, it depends.....In this city, amusements went rather slow last week, several managers finding it necessary to "draw" on the "old stocking" in order to make the assets correspond with the liabilities. "Conscience," which "makes cowards of us all," drew together a large and courageous band of lovers of the drama to the Union-square Theatre to witness the new play by a member of the house of Lancaster. It took like new gold, and, as a really good play is the exception nowadays, everybody will want to see this one. In the words of a pious composer of hymns, let us say to you,

"Let not 'Conscience' make you linger."

.....And Anna, too! What shall we say of her? Has she, like the lamented Warren, had a fall near Bunker Hill? Even so; and though it grieveth us to say aught against the fair lecturer, yet truth compels us to suggest that while Anna is a grand success on the rostrum, she is a failure on the stage! Pity for Anna! Better that she should hie her to a nunnery than continue in the theatrical groove. As a talker, she is hypercoon (a great actuality)—as an actress, she is an unmitigated nonentity. Several events have recently occurred which go to show that people who are able critics, and valuable auxiliaries in a newspaper office, ignobly fail when they come to act themselves; for, to use an odd figure of speech, a bull doesn't make a good blacksmith, and yet both are said to be *bellona!* This is very rough on Anna, the bull, and *other* people!

.....When you notice benefits taking place at a theatre, you may be sure that the regular biz is not like that going on at the Centennial. Ah, ha!

.....A "well-wisher" desires to know what we mean by "The Only Leon" in our notice of the minstrels at the Twenty-third-street Opera-house. Well, we mean that there is only *one* of him, while Wheeler had "Twins" at Wallack's....They say that somewhere uptown there is an exhibition of educated fleas. And yet their alleged education does not deter them from biting; as "Our Jim" painfully realized this fact when he kindly volunteered to assist the exhibitor to exercise the fleas.....Somebody declares that Offenbach, as soon as he has sufficiently satisfied people as to his abilities as a leader of the orchestra, will appear as the Grande Duchesse. Now, what is the use of circulating such wicked falsehoods? And here we may be permitted to assert that you cannot tell a lie with a shorter, though they're often *related to you!*.....An important "blower" is again informed that sideshows are *not* allowed within the Centennial Exhibition inclosure. He will have to locate his sacred cow outside of the grounds....While "Our Jim" was having his shoe polished, a few days ago, by a youthful civil-rights-man, the latter, in answer to Jim's rudeness for a joke, went so far outside of business rules as to open a conversation with our boy, who was putting in time by eating a clam-pie. "Jimmy," said the little colored chap, "why am dese yer trousers of mine like a locomoke-bullgine?" "Of hoom have you refreyns to?" responded Jim, the boy, vexed at being thus assailed while in the performance of a regular duty. "He! he!" chimed in the polisher, "I tole you why dese trousers am like a bullgine." "Now, I don't want to hear nothing about trousers while I'm a-eatin', and I never did. Go ahead, and shine 'em up." "But de pint is dis—dat dese trousers, like de bullgine, is famous for its gullibilities. I never heard it—he was too far gone into the intricacies of his pie to heed what his employe was saying.....It is with pain that we notice the rumor floating among the newspapers touching an unpleasant eruption between Mr. Ole Bull the violinist and Mr. Bull, his youthful wife. Common report ascribes the cause of the discrepancy to have originated with the male Bull; and it is well enough to let it rest against him, seeing that he is not here to "repel the foul aspersion on his untarnished character." But what are we to think of those musical people, who, in the exercise of their profession, become frantic at the suspicion of discord, yet in the family circle originate and encourage it? Let us make poetry about it:

THE DIFFERENCE

Between the fiddling Bull and he
Who sends a thrill of joy to sea.
One's fond of *raving at the sex*,
And one of *soaring at the wrecks*.

.....Dom Pedro is in Europe, and, wherever he may be, if he can elude the vigilance of his retinue, he quietly sneaks off to some place of amusement, and sits the whole show through. And yet he is the Emperor of a great people.....Although one Lenten season recently came to an end, another is about to commence; the latter being inaugurated by the Philadelphia Lent on May 22d, the New York Lent on the following day, and all the way from the Pacific slope. This *Lenten season* ought to prosper, though *Lenten seasons* generally don't. *Lenton seisin'* on a bar is what one *sees in* the course of their many remarkable performances.

.....And talking about the *bar* business, we see that a popular gymnast, who has *done bar* feats for some years, is the well-known *Dunbar*, and he is now performing with one of those "combination" vocal Dunbar is shortly to do three *turns* each evening, at three different music halls in London, and will, at the close of his European engagements, *return* to the United States.....Did it ever occur to you that the funny man of your friend's story is like a dog's expression of pleasure? How so? Well, because it's the *wag of his tale!*". "But suppose the funny man *isn't* funny?" In that case, Jimmy, it would be one wag less!.....A look around among the places of amusement discloses the fact that an early-closing movement is among the probabilities with some, for most of the auditoriums just now are too large for those who attend. Managers will be saving up their money for the Centennial and Fourth of July; and do what managers may, offer the newest and best of attractions, their efforts do not meet with that encouragement which they have a right to look for.....In the expressive language of Medlin, well may the distinguished Scotch Centenarial exclaim, as he points to his extensive stock on hand: "These are my jewels!".....John S. Romer, having dissolved with his side-partner, is now a *lone roamer*. [This is not very comical, but it shows how things can be worked up by the pen in the hands of men entirely great—and quite the State where they make wooden *matmeger greater!* This is what we call an impromptu pun, and it is only the most expert joker that is capable of turning them out with one hand, and that one is "Our Jim."—ED.).....A Centennial Commissioner desires to learn whether the Girards, the high-kickers, are descendants of Stephen Girard, who founded Girard College, "near the Centennial." We don't know. Ask some of the orphans at the college.....It may save some trouble and inconvenience if we inform our readers that the gentleman who drives the coach from New York to Pelham does not intend to put other coaches on the line to make a circuit of our theatres. This is reliable.....Those persons who delight in circuses and variety entertainments, "feel a joy a warrior feels" as the juvenile gymnast tumbles from his lofty perch, are sad and dispirited since the passage of the act counting out such juveniles. And this, a voice in the upper regions says, counts us out.

CITY SUMMARY.

SAM DEVERE, Eph Horn, Mollie Wilson, Williams and Carey, Henrietta Mollenhauer and Harry Taylor were added to the company at Tony Pastor's New Theatre on May 8. Sam Devere sang a budget of fresh songs, to his own banjo accompaniment, which pleased the audience so much that it was with difficulty that he could retire from the stage. He good-naturedly responded to numerous recalls. The veteran Eph Horn received a hearty greeting as he appeared in the quaint interlude entitled "The Power of Music," in which he was aided by Sam Devere, and his performance was quite entertaining. Mollie Wilson won the favor of those present by singing serio-comic songs in a vivacious manner. Williams and Casey, who were seen in a Lancashire clog-dance, proved to be skilled and agile dancers. Their time was excellent, and they introduced a greater variety of steps than are usually given by similar performers. Frequent applause attested their merit. Henrietta Mollenhauer reappeared after a brief absence, and her vocalisms were pleasing and effective. Harry Taylor acted in the sketches. The programme also included songs by Harry Montague; the Carrolls in songs-and-dances and "Holland on a Bust;" Clark Gibbs in "The Old Slave's Return," aided by Harry Taylor and an invisible chorus; and the sketches of "Tick, Tick, Tick," "Les Miserables," and "Civil Rights," in which Richard Clark, E. S. James, Billy Gray, James S. Edwards, Sadie Deakon and Katie Edwards appeared. The attendance was moderately good.

MR. MULLALY, the father of W. S. Mullaly, musical director of the San Francisco Minstrels, who has been in the city for some time engaging musicians for Kiraly's Alhambra Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., left for that city on May 9.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" is drawing fairly at the Olympic Theatre. The performances of Little Todd and Midget Macdonald were withdrawn during the week; otherwise the attractions remained intact. The performances, both evening and matinee, conclude in ample season to enable suburban residents to take the late trains to their homes.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON closed his engagement at the Bowery Theatre on May 13, having acted in "Ben McCullough" until Friday evening, when "Hero, or Donald McKay," preceded by "The Rendezvous," was substituted and acted the rest of the week.

ANNOUNCEMENT is now made that "Rose Michel" will be withdrawn from the stage of the Park Theatre after the one hundredth consecutive representation this week. Business was only moderately good last week.

THE THIRD-AVENUE THEATRE, which has been reconstructed, is to be reopened, under the proprietorship and management of Benjamin W. Hitchcock, on June 5. During the first week John Thompson will act in "Dutch Nell" and "On Hand," and four matinees will be given.

THE KELLOGG ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY gave five representations of Meyerbeer's "Star of the North" at Booth's Theatre during the past week, appearing May 8, 9, 10, 12, and Saturday matinee. The opera was presented with substantially the same cast as on its former recitals by this company, and a full share of praise can be repeated for the effective interpretation given to the work by the leading characters and chorus. The play was handsomely put upon the stage, a due regard being shown for the spectacular effects, making the representation alike creditable to the management and the company. Miss Montague as Prascovia and Mr. Castle as Danilowitz replaced Mme. Rosewald and Mr. Maas, respectively, in these roles during the last performances. The house was closed on Thursday and Saturday nights.

"CONSCIENCE," an American drama, in five acts, by A. E. Lancaster and Julian Magnus, was produced for the first time on any stage at the Union-square Theatre on Tuesday evening, May 9, and was acted with the following cast:

Eustace Lawton,	David Delve,
Charles R. Thorne Jr.	Theodore Hamilton
Nathaniel Harewood,	John Fry.....Alfred Becks
Frederick Robinson	Richard Cobb...W. H. Wilder
Judge Van Cort,	Tailor.....W. S. Quigley
John Parsells,	Constance Harewood,
Dr. Mordaunt, J. H. Stoddart	Miss Kate Clarton
Cyril Harewood.	Tabitha Trump,
C. A. Stevenson	Mrs. Marie Wilkins

The action of the play commences in the grounds of Mr. Harewood's suburban residence in Glenwood, N. J. It is the birthday of his daughter, Constance, and festivities in honor thereof are in progress. We learn that the young lady has two suitors for her hand and heart —Cyril Harewood and Eustace Lawton. The former, Mr. Harewood's nephew, has been reared from childhood in the family, and is the trusted friend of the deceased parents. Eustace Lawton, many years before the opening of the play, was a waif, and had been taken by Mr. Harewood into his service in the bank. From a humble position he has risen to that of confidential clerk. Cyril Harewood, who has just returned from a tour of Europe, is the first to greet Constance on this occasion, and as a birthday souvenir he offers her a painting by himself of a scene representing the very spot where they are standing, and depicting their parting there a few years before. As children they had been playmates, and Constance, now budding into womanhood, is apparently much gratified at her likeness, painted from memory. They discuss the scene in which Cyril figured, and Cyril refers to the fact that at that time he carved upon the trunk of the tree beneath which they are sitting the names of Cyril and Constance, with a heart between them. After a moment the names are blotted out. The tete-a-tete is interrupted by the arrival of some of the other guests, and Cyril strolls off. As soon as Constance is left alone, Eustace Lawton comes to her, and offers her a pretty magnolia-blossom bracelet, which she declines to accept, on account of its great value. This piques Eustace, who thinks her action intended as a reflection upon his humble origin and comparative poverty. Constance is called to take a mallet in a game of croquet, Cyril returns and renews his love-making with Constance. He complains that the semblance of affection between them has grown frozen of late, and commences to cut it deeper with a large clasp-knife. When this is done Eustace returns, and is surprised at finding Cyril and Constance engaged in conversation on the next day's business. Cyril asks Cyril to loan him his knife, which being given him, Eustace, ostensibly to cut a silver from his mallet, steps to the neat around the tree, and, to his surprise, the carved names meet his gaze. The condition of affairs flashes upon his mind in an instant, and, turning to Cyril, he confess his love for Constance, avers that it has been the aim of his life to obtain her hand, and severely upbraids him for taking advantage of his relationship and great wealth to supplant him in her affections. Cyril makes a manly reply, saying that he has also loved Constance from childhood, begs that their friendship may continue, offers his hand in token thereof, and agrees, so far as he is concerned, to abide by Constance's decision in the matter. Eustace refuses the hand, declares that friendship, and Cyril remarks: "Then let it be war." "Yes," says Eustace, "war to the knife," and he angrily plunges the knife into the heart upon the tree as the act-drop descends. The action of the second act takes place in a parlor in Mr. Harewood's house, upon the evening of the day referred to. During the evening Cyril, finding a favorable opportunity, begs Mr. Harewood to bless his love for Constance, and asks her hand in marriage. Mr. Harewood declines to give his consent, on the ground that Cyril's character is not developed, and that he is not engaged in business, etc. Cyril, nettled at these remarks, demands that the estate which Mr. Harewood has in trust for him shall be delivered to him, as he has now attained his majority. The former becomes embarrassed at this unexpected demand, and, after evasive remarks, at length confesses he has used the money of the estate, and that it is all gone. The matter is so complicated that he cannot at once comply with the request. Cyril, after a scathing denunciation of Harewood, leaves the apartment in anger. Scene 3 of Mr. Harewood's private office, from New York, brings the intelligence that an accepted draft for $30,000 had been found at the bank that day, and that no entry of it could be found upon the books. Eustace Lawton, who is present at this interview, in a side speech informs the audience that the acceptance of the draft is a forgery, and that he is the forger. Mr. Harewood, after cautioning his confidential clerk, Eustace, not to be rash, promises to call at the bank early in the morning, bids him good-night, and he retires. Then follows an interview with his daughter, and, as she is about to leave for her room, he requests her to knock at Cyril's apartment, which is occupied by Judge Van Cort, and say that he would like to see him in the parlor on urgent business fifteen minutes later. A scene representing a hallway in Mr. Harewood's house discovers Eustace, entering, delivers the message from her father to Judge Van Cort, who improves the occasion of the interview by making love to her. After informing her that her father had been requested by the judge's hand, and that Mr. Harewood had borne off the prize, he said that her resemblance to her deceased mother was so great that it had awakened the strongest affection for her, and he now asks her to become his wife. Constance replies that she is not free to accept his offer, and a moment after she has retired a scream is heard, and, the scene being raised, we behold Judge Van Cort, Mr. Harewood lying upon the floor, and, upon being raised by Dr. Mordaunt, it is found that life is not quite extinct. At his feet stand Cyril Harewood and Eustace Lawton, the latter having made his escape from the room, but not in such a manner that the assembled guests can tell which one he means, and, as he endeavors to speak, he expires. An officer, who has been summoned, finds a blood-stained knife upon the floor, and, being asked who owns it, Cyril acknowledges that it is his, and he is taken into custody as the act terminates. The third act shows Cyril, who is well on in years, in the dock before the court of his trial. There is a touching interview between the prisoner and Constance, during which the action of the next act is foreshadowed. The fourth act takes place in the library of Judge Van Cort. Hither comes Eustace, who recalls the offer which the Judge had made her as above described. She now says, if Judge Van Cort will so far forget himself as to continued the proposed acquittal of Cyril, that she will become his wife. Though sorely tempted, the Judge values his honor too highly, and is compelled to decline her offer. The Judge now discovers that her friend is Cyril's, and, as he is convinced of his innocence, he questions her as to whom she thinks is the murderer. As she gazes at the open door of the apartment, Eustace Lawton is seen approaching, and gesticulates: "There!" pointing to him, and falls senseless upon the floor, which tableau ends the act. The final act transpires in the parlor of the late Mr. Harewood's house, and upon the same evening. We may now say that, in the first act and at various times during the progress of the play, allusion is made to Eustace Lawton writing a letter to Dr. Mordaunt, and Eustace and Constance are discussing the subject of the murder, and they decide to put Eustace Lawton to the somnambulic test, if possible. The Doctor explains that, if a person addicted to sleep-walking can be induced to go through the act by night, in precisely the same position and with the same surroundings as he had been in previously to committing some act, he will have such an effect on his mind that he would be apt to rehearse in his sleep the scenes through which he had passed while committing that act. While they are preparing to bring about this state of affairs, Cyril, in the capacity of a detective, who has been employed by Tabitha Trump, a distant relative of the Harewoods, who figures in the underplot, and by her is concealed in another room. In this room Eustace Lawton enters, and, finding the door locked, and, after a brief conversation with the Doctor, remarks that he will lie down upon a lounge in an adjoining room, and sleep for an hour, and then rejoin the party. Examination of his accounts. As he is about leaving the apartment, Constance, at a signal from the Doctor, recalls Eustace, precisely as she did on the night before her father's murder, repeats to him precisely the same words she then spoke, in effect, that she had wronged him, that she begged his pardon, and requested that they might be friends in the future. Their effect on Eustace was apparent, because he fell confident that he had been through that scene before, but he reconciled it to his mind by saying that it must have been in his sleep. As Eustace left the room, a chorus of nuns celebrating a midnight mass in a neighboring convent was heard, as on the night of the previous occasion. After a brief interval, Eustace enters, in a somnambulic condition, and goes through the scene of the murder, occupying the chair in which Mr. Harewood had sat on that fatal night, and the other principal persons in the cast ready as witnesses. Eustace confesses the forgery of the acceptance to the draft

FROM CHICAGO, ILL., our correspondent wrote as follows under date of May 13: "At McVicker's Theatre, the opening week of Maggie Mitchell, supported by her own company, has not been a successful one, speaking in a pecuniary sense. Pauline was given for the first three nights, and for the remainder of the week 'Lorle' was the attraction. Next (this) week 'Jane Eyre' will constitute the bill. Miss Josie Hight has been engaged for this week.....At the Museum, on May 8, Witter and Jacqueline Brothers opened in 'Katie the Hotel-corn Girl.' Business proving bad, they closed on the third night of their engagement, and were replaced by T. G. Riggs in 'The Irish Detective.' With the exception of the Saturday matinees, business has been poor.....Mr. Charles Thornton is organizing a traveling company, to produce his play of 'Devotion.'.....At Hooley's Opera-house the migratory portion of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre Company opened May 1 to a large attendance, which has continued throughout the week. 'Pique' constituted the bill, and, though the tone of the press is not altogether favorable, the attendance of the public set the guinea-stamp upon it. Mr. Chapman has entered upon his management here by inaugurating many praiseworthy reforms. 'Pique' will continue the attraction until further notice."

AT THE MEMPHIS (TENN.) THEATRE the complimentary benefit tendered the treasurer and ushers of the theatre on the night of May 10 was a success.

"KERRY GOW DHUV," an Irish drama by Fred Marsden, and the property of Jos. Murphy, comedian, has been copyrighted, and Mr. Murphy advertises that he is prepared to arrange for dates.

THE CLARA WILDMAN COMEDY COMPANY collapsed recently in Muskegon, Mich.

EDWIN BOOTH, supported by McVicker's Theatre Company of Chicago, Ill., performed in Toledo, O., May 10, 11, 12, 13, and will show this week in Detroit, Mich.

THE FAY TEMPLETON COMBINATION opened at the Richmond, (Va.) Theatre May 8 for four nights, playing to fair houses, notwithstanding the great inclemency of the weather. Little Fay is a prodigy, singing and acting with almost irresistible abandon. The support was satisfactory in all respects. The company closed the 11th, going thence to Norfolk.

AT THE BROOKLYN THEATRE, Miss Charlotte Thompson began an engagement May 9 (this theatre having been closed 8), acting in "Maud Muller," recently reviewed in THE CLIPPER, the bill concluding with "Married Life," with a strong distribution, comprising Stuart Robson, H. B. Phillips, Claude Burroughs, Eben Plympton and H. W. Montgomery; and the Misses Fanny Morant, Marie Gordon, Blanche Grey, Roberts Norwood and Mrs. Farren. The programme, though offering an agreeably new play, and a standard old one, both handsomely mounted and well acted, failed to hit the public fancy, the business done throughout the week being far from satisfactory or remunerative. Wednesday evening, May 10, was celebrated by Messrs. Shook & Palmer as the two hundredth consecutive night performance of their management of this establishment. Appropriate souvenir books, containing, in addition to the programme of the occasion, the play-bills of the first theatrical appearance

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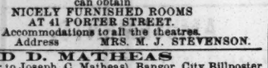

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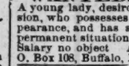

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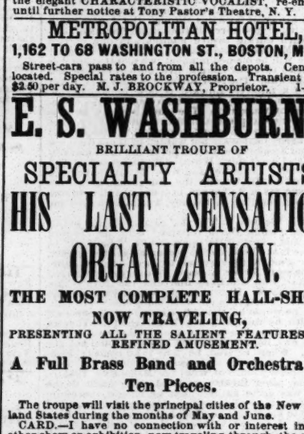

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